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Nehru Not Making Promises

Washington, Oct. 14.—American officials said today that they had received no special implied commitments from the Indian Prime Minister, Mr. Jawaharlal Nehru, indicating that he intended bringing India to the side of the West in the "cold war" against Russia.

They said Mr. Nehru has exhibited extreme caution in talks with President Truman, the Secretary of State, Mr. Dean Acheson, and other officials in order to avoid giving any impression that he intends to abandon India's position as a neutral "third force" aligning itself with neither the Russian nor Anglo-American blocs.

The only point on which American officials have been reassured is that Mr. Nehru does not intend to rush into recognition of Communist China without weighing all possibilities and consulting with other interested nations.

DEFINITE NOTICE

Diplomatic observers here interpreted Mr. Nehru's speeches to the United States Senate and House of Representatives as serving definite notice that India's sympathies in the cold war were not for sale in return for economic aid. His attitude in this respect appears to have won the respect of officials and Congressmen who have been accustomed to repeated requests from foreign premiers for American assistance.

It was pointed out that Mr. Nehru, while taking several occasions to point out his country's sympathy with American democratic principles, had carefully refrained from committing India to the "community of democratic nations" which is the term frequently used by nations adhering to the Anglo-American bloc.

One impression of American officials was that Mr. Nehru, while wishing to express his gratitude for the "overwhelming" reception he has been accorded in the United States, will wait until the end of his tour to make his final assessment of the United States. —United Press.

All Links Cut Between Canton And Hongkong

COMMUNISTS EXPECTED TO TAKE OVER TODAY

All means of communication between Hongkong and Canton have been suspended. The air services to the Kwangtung capital were stopped yesterday morning, and ships stopped running in the afternoon. Trains also stopped after a report of fighting between Hongkong and Canton. The long-distance telephone has been out since 9.05 p.m. last night, while telegraphic services were cut during the night.

Communist troops were expected to enter the city, and after power failed following an explosion at the power plant, during the night. It was reported last night that the handing over of the city officially would be made at 11 a.m. today.

An official of Butterfield and Swire said this morning that no more of their ships would visit Canton until definite information was available from the city.

Chinese shipping companies have also suspended their services.

NO TRAINS

Mr. I. B. Trevor, general manager of the Kowloon Canton Railway, British Section, said this morning that no trains had so far left for Canton, and none would leave until the authorities here had definite information from Canton that they could get through. No word had been received from the city since 4 p.m. yesterday.

Mr. Trevor confirmed that two trains which left Kowloon yesterday afternoon were held up at Shumchun when reports of a skirmish at Fick Fan were received. The trains eventually returned to Kowloon.

Among the hundreds of evacuees was a handful of British businessmen, missionaries and a Salvation Army officer.

The last two foreign correspondents to leave the Canton story—Lachie McDonald of the London Daily Mail and Graham Barrow, of Reuters—also pulled out on this jam-packed vessel.

Remaining in Canton were 112 Britons, mostly missionaries.

NOT ONE SHOT

A Chinese report reaching us an hour before the British said indicated that the city had virtually surrendered to the Communists. Not a shot had been fired, writes Graham Barrow.

LAST SHIP OUT

The last British river steamer out of Canton before the British left was the Fatsan, which left at 8.30 a.m. today.

The Fatsan left Canton at 3.30 p.m. yesterday as a guard unit of the Red's each of the three miles north of the city.

Every berth was occupied and couches and armchairs in the first class lounges were crowded with passengers who were unable to get cabins.

In the second class and lower decks Chinese were packed tight like sardines with their baggage littering every inch of deck space.

CIGS PAYS CALL



Field Marshal Sir William Slim, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, who is due in Hongkong on a visit of inspection at the end of this month, is shown talking to Joseph O'Connor of the 11th Hussars at the Broughton House Disabled Soldiers' Home during a visit to Manchester.

Churchill Calls On Government To Set Election Date

London, Oct. 14.—The wartime Prime Minister, Mr. Winston Churchill, tonight promised the British people that if he were returned to power he would help them fight the economic crisis with the same spirit as when he led the nation in the dark days of Dunkirk.

NEW TRADE PACT WITH JAPAN

London, Oct. 14.—Board of Trade officials said today that a new trade agreement between Japan and the sterling area would be signed within the next 10 days. They added that no details were yet available, but it was known the agreement would be "considerably bigger" than last year's agreement.

In the meantime, it was learned that the Japanese Federal Association of Industries had applied for re-admission to the International Chamber of Commerce.

Officials of the Chamber would not comment, but it was understood the Japanese application would be considered at a private meeting of the International Chamber of Commerce in Paris next week.—United Press

Independence For Libya

Lake Success, Oct. 14.—A United Nations sub-committee today approved by 12 votes to six, with three abstentions, the appointment of a United Nations Commissioner to supervise the granting of independence to Libya.

The sub-committee, which was set up by the Political Committee to consider all proposals for disposing of Italy's former African colonies also agreed that the Commissioner should have a council to aid and advise him in the interim period until Libya gained full independence.

South Africa, Poland and Czechoslovakia joined in voting against the Commissioner of the Council, while Britain and Australia were among the four countries that abstained. Twelve countries voted in favour.

The sub-committee rejected by nine votes to three, with eight abstentions, a Russian proposal that Russia should be included on the Council. On this vote India, Australia and Argentina joined the Arab States in abstaining.

These decisions by the sub-committee must be approved by the full Political Committee.—Reuters

11 American Communists Found Guilty

New York, Oct. 14.—Eleven American Communist leaders were found guilty today of "conspiring to advocate and teach the duty and necessity of overthrowing and destroying the United States Government by force."

A jury of eight women and four men reached their verdict after nine months' trial—one of the longest in American legal history—estimated to have cost \$1,500,000.

The jury returned its verdict after deliberating exactly seven hours.

The maximum penalty for each defendant is 10 years' imprisonment and a \$10,000 fine. The 11 men are Eugene Dennis, 44-year-old General Secretary of the United States Communist Party; Henry Winston, a Negro, the Party's Organizing Secretary; John Williamson, the Party's Labour Secretary; Jacob Stachel, the Party's Educational Director; Robert Thompson, New York State Party Chairman; Gilbert Green, Illinois State Party Chairman; Gus Hall, Ohio State Party Chairman; Earl Browder, Michigan State Party Chairman; John Gates, editor of the Daily Worker, the Party's newspaper; Irving Potash, Vice-President of the Fur and Leather Workers' Union, affiliated to the Congress of Industrial Organizations; and Benjamin J. Davis, a Negro, Communist member of the New York City Council.

The police had dropped their charge that he was a German who had landed illegally in Britain.

Eric Harber, fair-haired and of German appearance, spoke English with an accent and excellent German. After the court had dismissed him—two weeks in prison because he insisted he was a German—he told reporters that he was born in London of German parents. They died shortly before the last war.

In 1942, he said, he signed on for seven years' service in the British Army. He was wounded in Italy in 1943 and discharged from the Army as unfit in 1945.

But when he went to get his old job back at a garage, he found that a German had taken his place.

He tried to get work on farms.

"I posed as a German when I found an Englishman could not get work," he said. "Once I had started, I had to keep it up."

Once he was mistaken for an escaped German prisoner by the British Army authorities, and it took him five weeks to convince them that he was English.

He was married—"I do not know where my wife is now"—and later went to sea. He was arrested as a German while he was waiting for a ship at Newcastle.—Reuters

Three defendants, Williamson, Potash and Stachel, have alien deportation proceedings pending against them. A fourth, Dennis, was sentenced to a year's imprisonment last year for contempt of Congress. But is on bail pending appeal.

The defendants were indicted under a section of the Smith Act passed in 1940 and aimed at alleged subversive groups. The defence alleged that the section violated constitutional guarantees of freedom of speech and assembly.—Reuters

NEW YORK, Oct. 14.—In a dramatic scene, Federal Judge Harold R. Medina found five

STOP PRESS

Canton Cables Resumed

Telegraphic communication with Canton resumed at 10.30 a.m. today. The radio-telephone circuit was still not working at 11 a.m. Power failure in Canton is believed to be responsible.

TROOPS ENTER CITY

A message received later from Canton stated that Communist troops had reached the Bund.

LONDON DRY WHITE SATIN-OLD TOM

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EDITORIAL

Wages And Incentives

IT is becoming increasingly obvious that devaluation was by no means the end of Britain's financial troubles. On every side qualified speakers are pointing out the tremendous effort which will have to be made by British industries if more and cheaper goods are to be sold in dollar markets. This is a problem which affects everyone, management and workers. The chief factor governing extra effort by workers is certain to be the ratio of wages to the cost of living, and this is a problem which must be causing trade union leaders much worry. Bluntly, the question with which they are faced is whether they are prepared to accept a temporary reduction of the standard of living of the worker in the interests of national economic survival. Devaluation has already brought in its train a reduction in how much the worker's wage can buy. Bread, for instance, the staple item of the housewife's budget, is now dearer. And trade union leaders are understandably apprehensive that the cost of living will rise still more during the next few months. Wage-earners are the first to suffer from inflation and a rise in the cost of living, but this does not lessen the gravity of the country's economic problems. Most trade union leaders have gradually come round to this realisation, and have for some time been trying to impress upon the rank and file the inadvisability of new wage claims. Their attitude has, of course, been conditioned by the assumption that the Government would keep prices steady, perhaps even bring them down. This is the crux of their predicament. If devaluation is to be a success, wages must not be allowed to keep pace with the rise in living costs. This is a painful, but nonetheless logical fact. If it is ignored, the country's economic position might easily deteriorate further, and

prejudice even more the standard of living of the average worker. Some programme must be devised to recognise the real difficulties of the workers, and their needs, and balance them against the policy of wage stabilisation. The institution of a national minimum wage is looked upon with distrust by the unions, because of the deep-rooted fear that the minimum might be adopted in industries which could afford to pay higher rates. One way to prevent hardship would be to increase the wages of only the poorest paid workers, but this, by reducing the differences in reward, would tend to remove the incentive to acquire more skill and work toward promotion. Neither of these solutions really attacks the roots of the problem. Single men, or childless couples, even in the lower wage groups, are less exposed to hardship than the married man with a family. An increase in family allowances seems a sound way to ease the burden. The question boils down to this: no general wage increase is possible without a serious threat to the national economy; but to maintain morale in industry something concrete must be done to prevent hardship and to provide opportunities for all workers to earn more by harder work and higher productivity. Incentives are an important aspect of the problem. A return to "the weakest to the wall" competition would obviously not be in keeping with the aspirations of the Labour Government, but there can be no harm in an intensive campaign to convince workers that increased productivity benefits all concerned—and to see that it does benefit them by increasing their reward. An immediate and energetic effort in this direction seems a sound way of ensuring that Britain produces the goods she must sell to regain her economic stability.

RETREATING TROOPS

All yesterday morning retreating troops, with pack-horses carrying light equipment and press-ganged coolies carrying an assortment of bundles slung from bamboo poles, passed along the waterfront near the Fatsan's berth.

They were ragged and looked dejected and utterly weary. Many were ill.

One wounded soldier, too tired to trudge on any further with his comrades, sat on the side-walk holding his bowed head in both hands. His left arm was tied with a dirty, blood-clotted bandage. He had little to look forward to.

The Fatsan's trip down-river was uneventful. The ship's bridge and passenger decks were bolstered with sandbags as protection against possible shooting by Communist guerrillas or local pirates. The previous day's vessel, the Wusuch, was fired on when leaving Canton by troops wanting "squeeze."

BIG FIRE

As our ship passed the Whampoa Military Academy, down-river from Canton, a pall of black smoke drifted the air. A big fire was blazing near the main buildings, probably the result of explosions by Nationalists.

In the river nearby were several small Chinese warships. The lights of Hongkong harbour looked good to us as we anchored at the Quarantine Anchorage for the night.

Most of us had been keeping our fingers crossed the last 24 hours, hoping that the Fatsan would be able to make a final turn round before Canton was liberated.

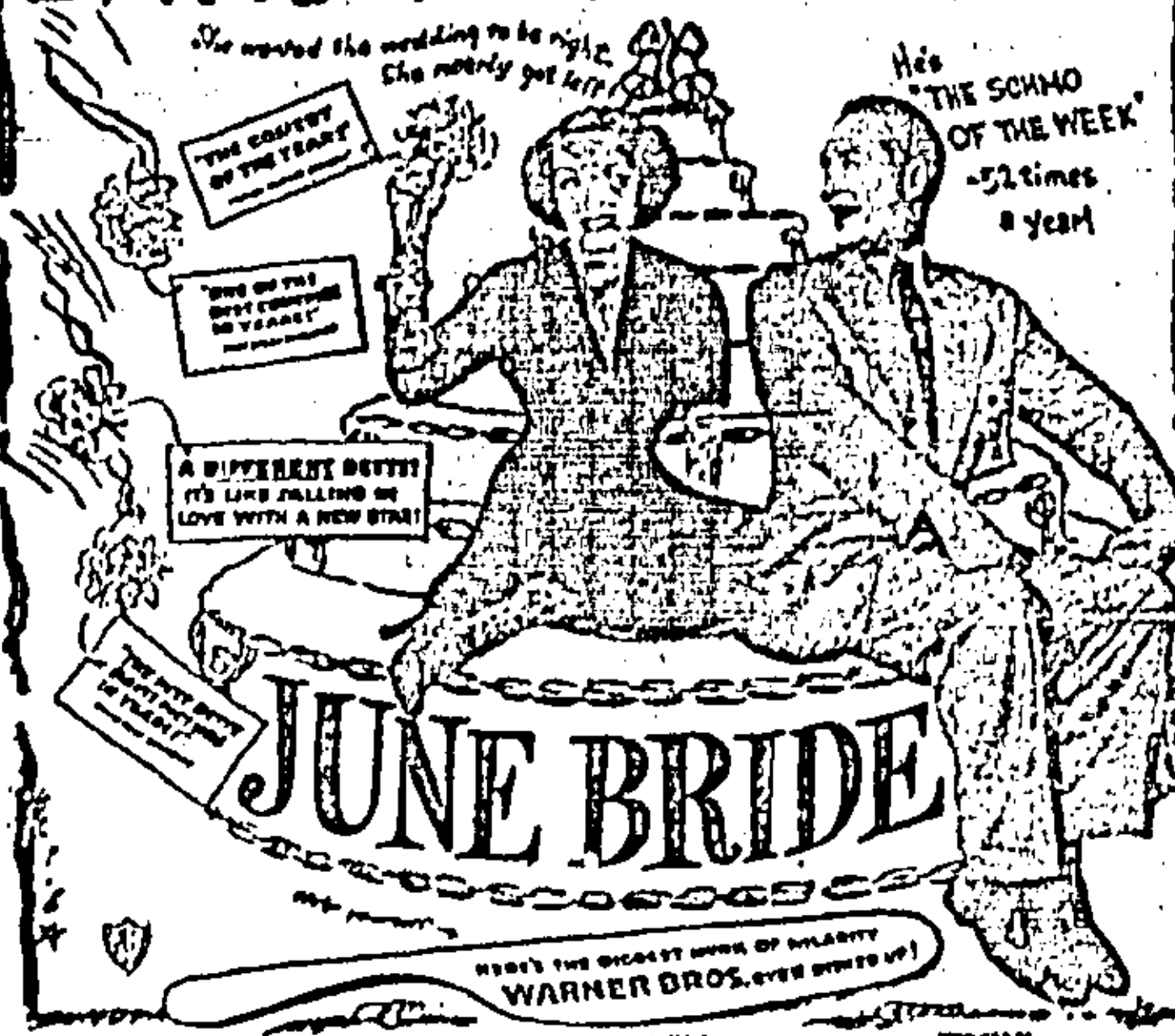
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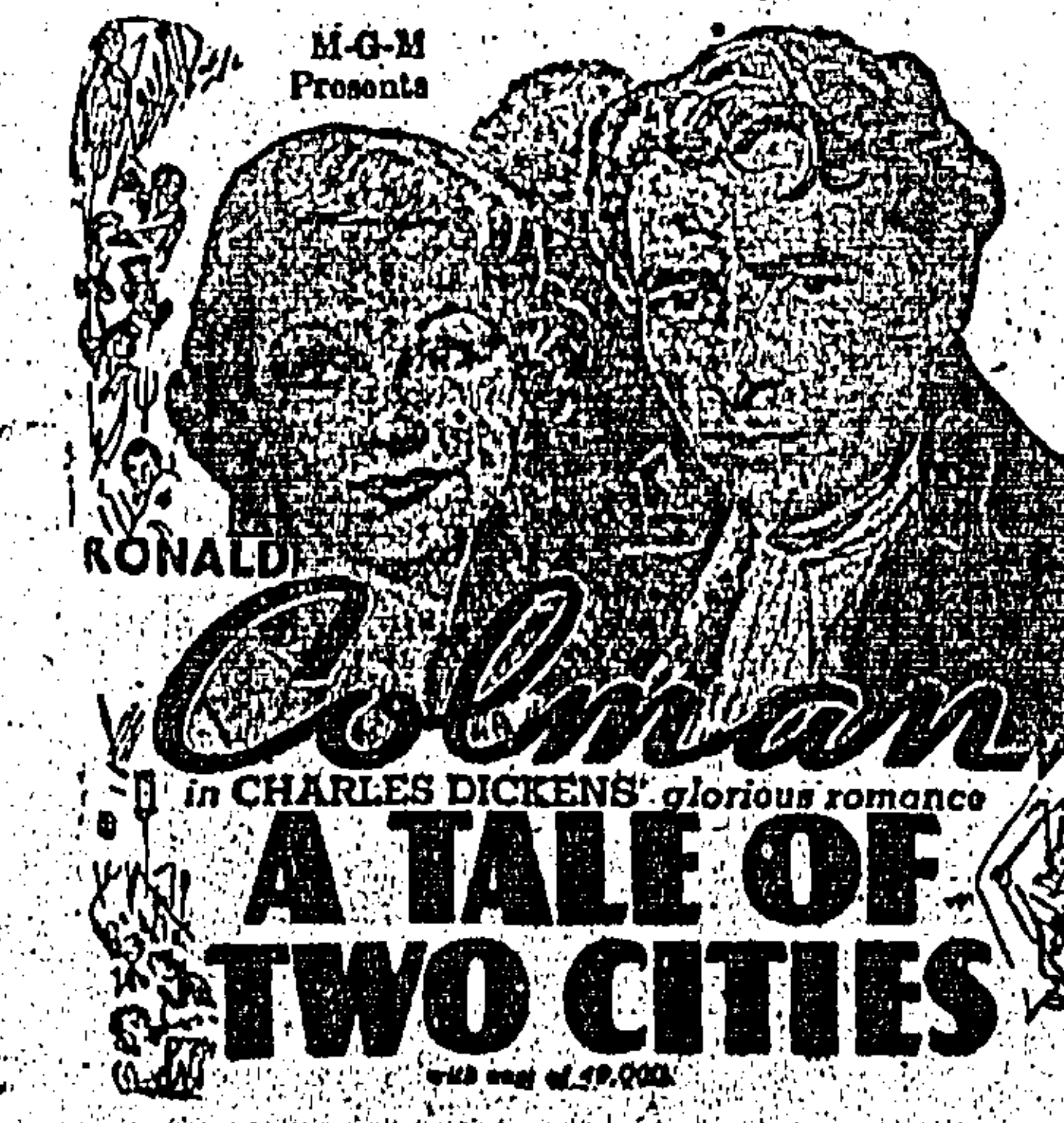
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Command Show Stars Cost £15,000 a week

THIS year's Royal Variety Performance (Coliseum, November 7) will be one of the most expensive ever—on paper. At a rough estimate, I should say the stars chosen can earn a total of £15,000 a week at their normal rates of pay.

Maurice Chevalier, for instance, drew the best part of £5,000 weekly for his one-man season in the West End a year ago. Wilfred Pickles can take up to £1,000 a week when he appears in big provincial theatres.

As it is none of the Command stars will receive a penny. But not all of this year's show expense will be on paper.

Choice of the Coliseum—so that the King will not have to climb upstairs to the Royal Box—means the cancellation of Annie Get Your Gun for that night.

It draws approximately £800 a night. These receipts will be lost. Bookings for that evening are being moved forward.

Choice of Scots comedienne Noelle Gordon, from Brigadoon, to appear at the Command Show, means a big chance for her understudy at His Majesty's.

Understudy is another Scots girl, Janet MacFarlane, aged 26. She now has a small part in the show, has not yet played in it.

Thrill For Miss Gray

When I telephoned to Dolores Gray at her flat in Grosvenor Square, she said she did not know that she had been chosen for the Command Show.

"I knew my name was being put forward, of course," she said, "but there is always the danger that there will not be room for a particular performer. As it is, I am thrilled."

Bustiest Command performer of all will be Ted Ray, now doing two night-time performances in the Stoll Ice Show. The royal show will be arranged if possible, so that he can "double" there with his normal appearances.

The Honeymoon Girl

Real romance of the Royal Show belongs to Australian Joy Nichols, radio's Take It From Here girl—who made her London stage debut only two months ago.

Miss Nichols was married last month to Willy Peterson of Oklahoma's American cast. She is now honeymooning in Capri, and has just learned of her good luck.

Her mother told me at the Petersons' new flat in Hamilton Terrace, St John's Wood, that she is expected back on Friday or Saturday.

Woolf Phillips, the Palladium's conductor, is being sent by Val Parnell for the big night—in view of his experience at several previous Command shows.

Note to Audience

I hope that the Command Show audience, anyhow, will provide a music-hall atmosphere. Let them go there ready to enjoy themselves.

"There is no need for them to be solemn—as they have been at some recent Command Shows. They are going to a music-hall performance, not a grand opera at Covent Garden."

Films For Jean

Jean Simmons is one British film star who is unlikely to be underworked.

She has only just begun work at Pinewood on her first picture since that unhappy stage episode—playing a bustling French provincial girl of 1889 in So Long at the Fair. But already three new stories are being discussed for her in the Rank offices.

One is another Victorian heroine subject called "Mantilla" written by Sydney and Muriel Box—about an English girl's adventures in Spain.

Then there is "Precious Bane," in which Jean is to portray Mary Webb's hare-lipped heroine—after several beauty-conscious stars had turned the part down. Mr Rank also has a modern story ready for her.

Order of production will be decided within the next few weeks. That sounds all right, so long as they don't start rushing the girl off her feet again.

A few years ago we witnessed a kind of Jean Simmons crazy-rage in the studios—and it took "Hamlet" to save her from disaster. I should be sorry to see that happen again.

This actress is certainly the white hope of British films; but she is still only 20 and can't be in all of them.

Of her Tolstoy stage play debut, Jean said to me: "An interesting—but chastening—experience. I suppose I was pretty bad. Anyway I am hoping for another chance, with a role I can believe in. I've over again got some time off from the studios."

Cable From Paris

Cable from impresario Henry Sherick in Paris, following my remarks on the lack of young West End stage stars:

"WHAT ABOUT MAGGIE LEIGHTON YOU SAY?"

All right, Margaret Leighton, at 27, has developed into one of the most interesting, and intelligent, of our young stage and screen actresses. I have said so before. So far we have had little opportunity to see whether that intelligence and ability have made her "box-office" with a big public. When Mr Sherick presents this actress in The Philadelphia Story on the West End stage later this autumn—her first starring part—we shall be able to see.

I shall wait until then, hoping to apologise for my omission.

Storm At Garden

Show world's present storm centre—that new £10,000 Bids-Priestley opera production at Covent Garden.

Not who film critics differ among themselves so violently as the musical "experts" have done over The Olympians. A bewildered public have been told that it is "a big disappointment... a trivial musical."

They have also been assured that it is "a great English opera."

Covent Garden's box-office is thriving on this controversy.

Simmons At Play



You would hardly imagine Jean Simmons, relaxing here on the beach between an unsuccessful attempt on the stage in Russian drama and her film role in "So Long at the Fair" to cover the role of Mary Webb's unattractive heroine in "Precious Bane". But Jean's out to make her place in drama as well as in comedy.

Week-End Screen Fare

June Bride (LEE) presents Bette Davis in a comedy role with Robert Montgomery. Bette plays a successful magazine editor who happens to be Montgomery's boss. With a supporting cast that includes Fay Bainter, Betty Lynn and Tom Tully, the plot moves on at a fast pace and the many Davis supporters will find that their favourite is as enjoyable if not more so, when she laughs and laughs loud.

Then there are the Montgomery fans who will not be disappointed at her.

The Velvet Touch (ROXY) is another hit in a week-end of good pictures and portrays Roz Russell as a Broadway queen who murders her producer in a violent quarrel. The cast is an exceptionally attractive one, including Leo Genn, as an archivist who wants to marry Roz, Claire Trevor, as an actress accused of a murder she did not commit and Sydney Greenstreet as a misguided police officer.

Queen's Regiment (QUEEN'S) brings back the Foreign Legion with Dick Powell as a Legionnaire. But back! He is really an American intelligence agent in disguise. Sirened-up: Marta

very. The public are booking up steadily.

I cast my vote with the enthusiasts. The Olympians may not be "great"—but it does seem to me a fine attempt at opera in the grand manner; and that is something British writers have not given us for a long while.

A Bad Idea, This

I hope that the Government will take no notice of the latest idea from British Equity, the stage and film trade union. Equity wants to protect our film players from Hollywood competition—by establishing some sort of quota for foreign artists here.

Our film players must depend on their own merits and their own popularity—not on Whitehall licences.

If there are too many imported players in British films, that is a matter for cinema audiences. They have the remedy in their own hands. Producers watch the box-office returns closely enough.

Restrictions on imported performers will hit British actors (and actresses) harder than anybody else. Let them remember the Anglo-American film "war" two years ago.

During that "war" Hollywood films and players became



JOY NICHOLS
Command Show message on her Canal homecoming

scarce over here. The result was that our cinema audiences saw the same British performers over and over again. They had to.

Result: a slump in the popularity of some of these performers. Familiarity bred boredom. It has been an uphill climb for them to regain lost ground. Some of them have not yet regained it.

Fighting Back

I think some Hollywood companies, producing pictures in this country with "frozen" earnings, could be more generous in employing British talent. I also think that certain British producers are too prone to look overseas for their stars.

But the answer is for our own actors and actresses to fight back with all the talent and personality they can muster—whenever they do get the chance.

As Trevor Howard, for instance, did against foreign competition in "The Third Man". As Richard Todd did similarly in "The Hosts of Heaven".

No British artist who really captures the imagination of cinema-goers will be in danger of neglect—come who may across the Atlantic and the Channel.

Let our films depend on themselves, not on Whitehall. As well try to bolster up British musical comedies by keeping out Oklahoma and Brigadoon.

Snapshots

Harold Warrender and Eleanor Summerfield have leading roles in "Gooseberry Fool," comedy set in Nice.

Reginald Beckwith has appeared in the French, imaginary South American country in the setting for Alan Melville's new comedy, "Top Secret," which brings HUGH WAKEFIELD, as an Ambassador, and TOM GILL, in partnership again.

The new Shaw frolic, "Buoyant Billions," begins its London season at the Prince's with FRANCES DAY and DERMOT WALSH heading the original Malvern cast.

(London Express Service)

News Of Britain's

Film People

FILM STAR

AT EIGHTY

London's critics have hailed eighty-years-old A. E. Matthews for an outstanding performance in Two Cities "The Chiltern Hundreds." He plays Lord Lister, a muddle-headed peer, in this screen adaptation of William Douglas Home's election comedy which is described as one of the funniest films of the year.

Cecil Parker is the butler who stands as Conservative candidate against the young heir, David Tomlinson. Marjorie Fielden, Lennox Morris and Helen Backlin are also in the cast.

A. E. Matthews has gone to the United States to appear in the Broadway version of "The Chiltern Hundreds" which is entitled "Yes, My Lord." Once again he will play Lord Lister, the part he originally created on the London stage.

PERFECT FIGURE

For the last day's shooting of the new Noel Coward film, "The Astonished Heart," at Pinewood, Margaret Leighton, who stars with Noel Coward and Celia Johnson, went on a hurried world tour.

She was called for scenes with Coward in England, Sweden, on a balcony overlooking the Mediterranean, in a Monte Carlo casino, and on an ocean liner.

This hectic two-week globe trot called for six changes of costume.

Having changed out of her street clothes into a green evening dress for the shot in England, Margaret then wore a navy blue and white afternoon frock for Sweden. She greeted the Mediterranean moon in a black velvet strapless gown and graced Monte Carlo in a black evening dress. She finished her trip on board ship in a white tub frock and a straw hat.

All the clothes were designed by Molyneux, who says: "Margaret Leighton has the most perfect figure for fashions I have ever seen."

SHOWING TO-DAY **KINGS** AIR-CONDITIONED At 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 p.m.



ALSO LATEST PARAMOUNT NEWS
"RUSSIA AND THE ATOM" "WIRED FOR HIGH THRILLS" etc., etc.

TO-MORROW MORNING AT 11.30 A.M.

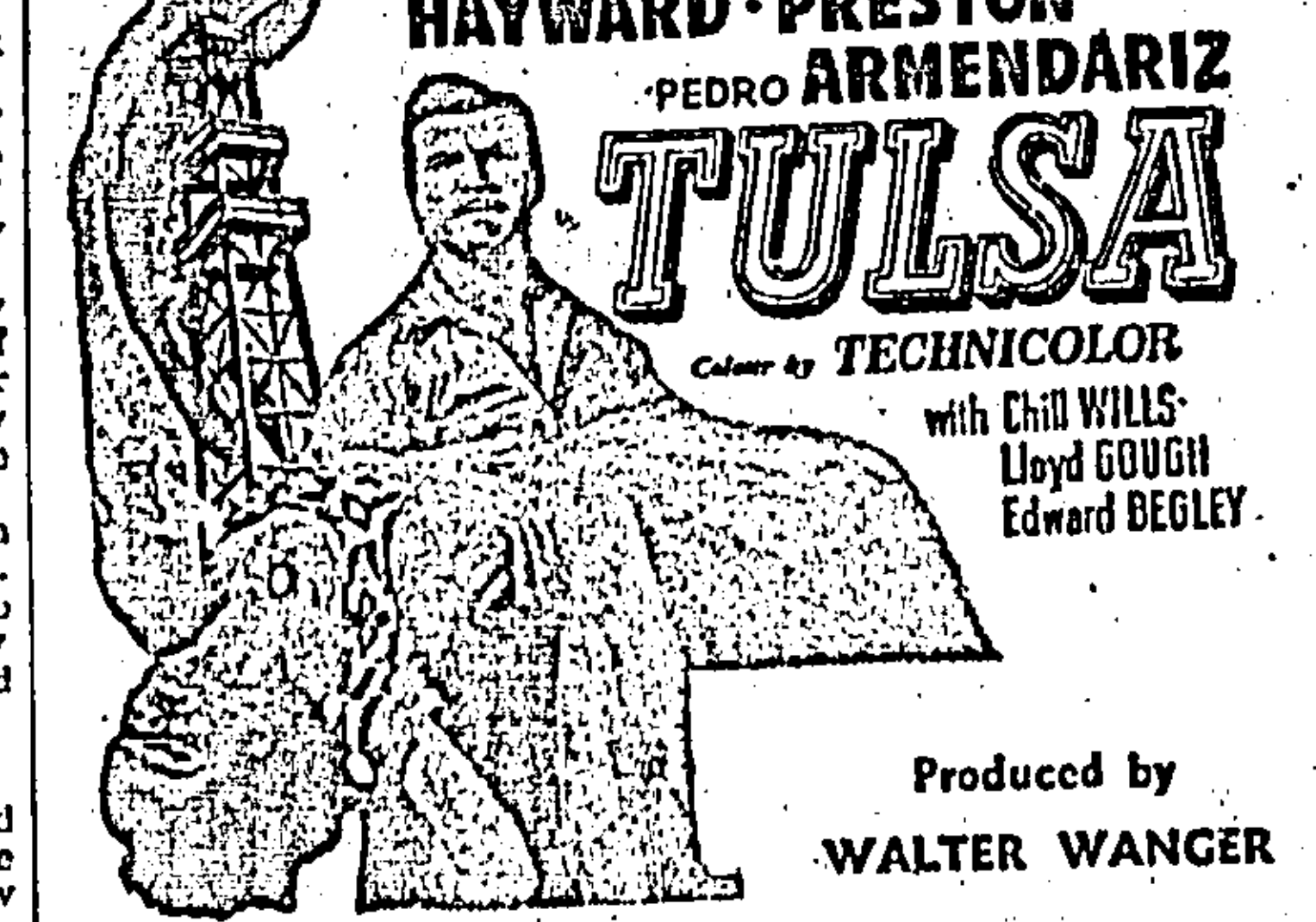
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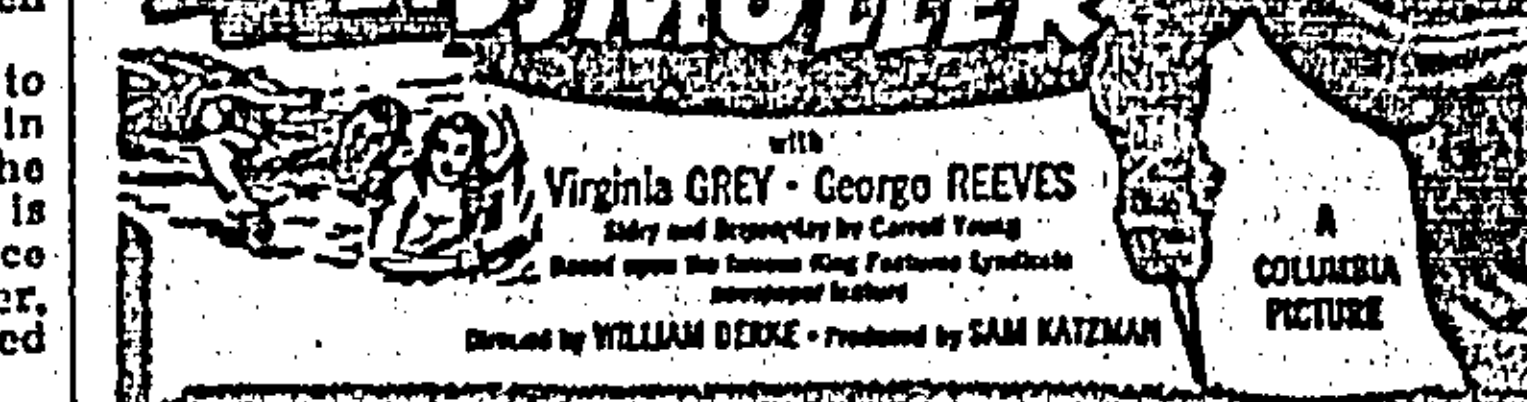
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SHOWING TO-DAY **Cathay** At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.



Sunday Extra Show: "THE GREAT WALTZ"

What's Wicksteed been up to?

HAVE you noticed anything wrong with the Albert Memorial? Lately, I mean. Well, the top of it has come off.

There used to be a large gilt cross with coloured lozenges all over it. And now it's gone. The angels who balanced the thing on their heads are left there alone, waving their arms in space.

It is bad enough that this should have happened, but what makes it so much worse is that hardly anybody has noticed.

Ask any of the people who walk past every day. Ask them if they can see anything funny about the Albert Memorial. You'll get plenty of interesting answers, but I doubt if one person in a thousand could tell you the top was missing.

Though the accident happened way back in the war, it has never been reported in the newspapers, an omission I shall now remedy.

The cross was knocked off by a gunner. He was shooting away at a bomber, when he hit the top of the Albert Memorial.

The four angels were supposed by the sculptor, to suggest aspiration after heavenly glory. Well, there are only three of them now. The fourth gave up her aspirations and went for a Burton.

A little below, with her back half turned on the Albert Hall, was the figure of Temperance. The cross, which is made of bronze, and weighs a ton, hit her smack on the head and squashed it flat.

THERE are seven other statues in that group. They represent Faith, Hope, Charity, Humility, Fortitude, Prudence, and Justice, but it had to be Temperance who lost her head.

Continuing its destructive course, the gilt cross swiped off the top of a pinnace and crashed to the ground so hard that it went clean through into the vaults below.

You didn't know there were vaults below the Albert Memorial? It is honeycombed with them. If you look on the grass bank on the west side you'll see a rectangular manhole cover screwed down at each corner. That's the entrance.

Workmen go down once or twice a year to have a look round. There are 300 arches, and it is so easy to get lost they leave candles every few yards so they can find their way back.

Can you imagine anything worse than being lost for ever beneath the Albert Memorial? The gilded cross, at least, was saved from this fate. It was taken out and laid beside a potting shed close at hand.

At this point it occurs to me that you may be feeling out of the picture. If you've never been to London and seen the Albert Memorial for yourself it may be rather hard for you to understand the affection some of us Londoners have for it.

As an object it is difficult to describe. Lytton Strachey, who wrote Queen Victoria's biography, says the basic design was taken from the Prince Consort's favourite pepper pot, but diligent research by myself at the library of the Victoria and Albert Museum fails to confirm this account.

There's a book there, prepared by the order of the Queen, that gives the whole history of its construction—a bit of origin.

From its pages you get the idea that what the Queen wanted was a new wonder of the world, something that would take its place beside the Pyramids and the Taj Mahal.

The first suggestion was an obelisk like Cleopatra's Needle, only much bigger. The trouble was that no one could find a single piece of granite that was big enough, and to build one in sections would be to admit inferiority to the ancients.

So George Gilbert Scott, the architect, was retained to design a shrine that would be something out of the ordinary, and this he did so faithfully that the Queen gave him a title.

Scott himself said that "the architectural character of the Albert Memorial may be described as a very free version of the style of the 13th century."

AND here's another beautiful thought. The Albert Memorial was built almost entirely by tectallators.

Scott gave a dinner to the workmen afterwards, and though there were a few backsliders who took the majority of the drink home, the ginger beer, and made speeches about their sobriety. They also said how much they all enjoyed their work and how little swearing there was.

Any day now you will see the scaffolding going up again. But don't worry. They are not going to pull it down. They are going to repair it for the 1951 Exhibition. The dear old thing.

(London Express Service)

Where American girls beat British girls

by... THE MARQUIS OF MILFORD HAVEN in an interview with BERNARD DREW

PEOPLE call me Britain's most eligible bachelor. I don't know why.

It all began when I was best man at Princess Elizabeth's wedding.

Before that my name was linked with Princess Margaret's. That was pure invention.

I have known both Princesses for years, but there has never been any sort of romance between us.

The same thing applies to Sharman Douglas, whose name has been so closely coupled with mine.

WEDDING DID IT

When I went to America before the royal wedding no one took any notice of me. I saw only one picture of myself published.

But last winter I was photographed every time I went into a restaurant or night club. It is difficult to escape that, for every restaurant there seems to have its own photographer. Of course, I could not stay away just because of that.

The pictures were sent home and published here. So I became "the most eligible bachelor."

MORE LOVELY

I don't think American girls ever viewed me in that light. They go after money. And I cleared clear of the dowagers who might have had ideas.

I think the American girls are more lovely to look at than British girls. They dress beautifully and are good company, too.

But English complexions are basically more beautiful. Only our women don't apply make-up as skilfully as the Americans do.

LIKES HIS JOB

I am most enthusiastic about my job of selling British radiators. I went over to America to start up the new business, and opened an office in New York.

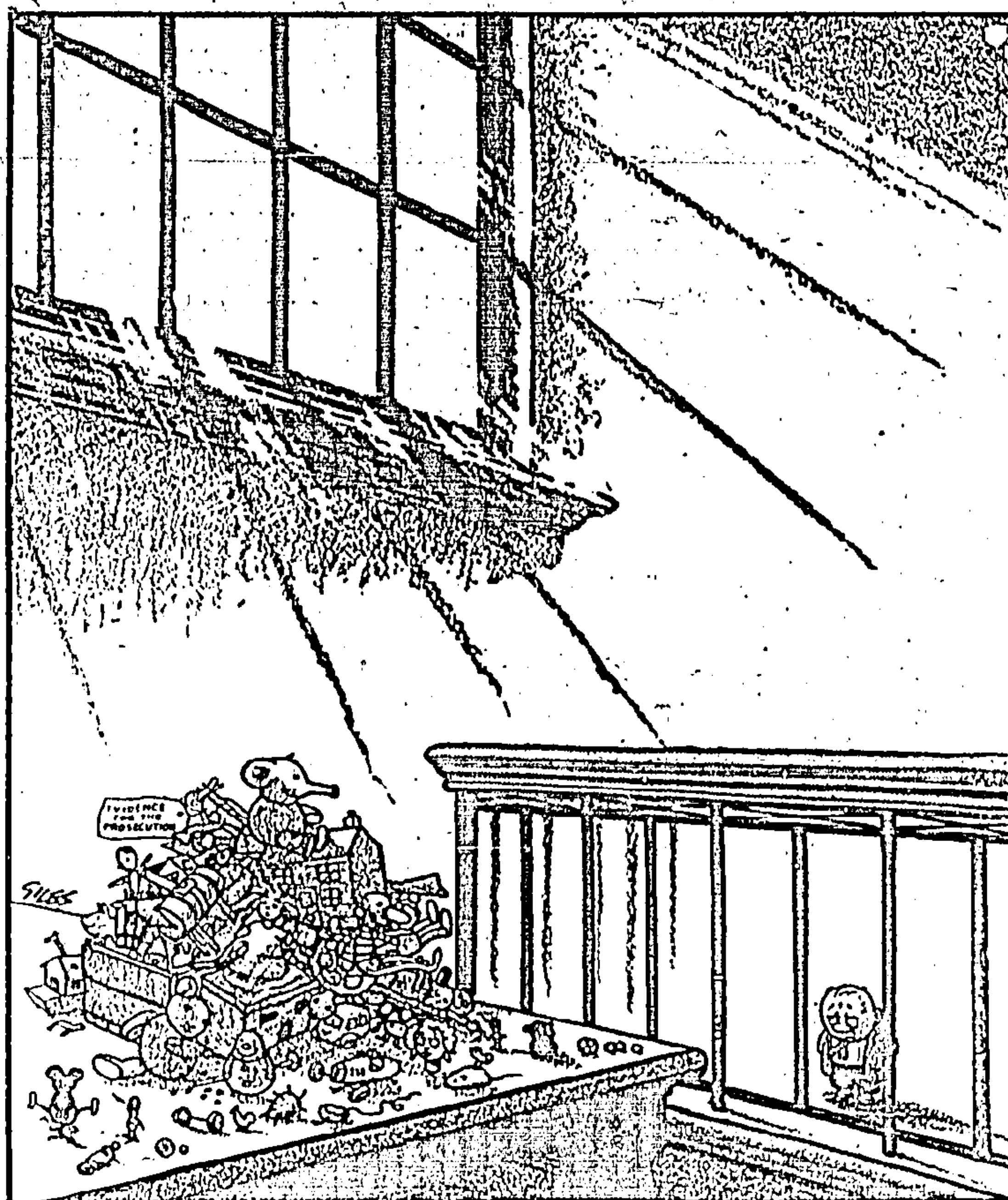
I hope, when I go over this winter, to see the export business established very soundly. My job is usually described as selling radiators. It is more than that. I try to get our system accepted throughout entire buildings. Things are done on so much vaster a scale in America.

TO LIVE HERE

I expect, as has been said, to be married at the end of November in Washington, the home of my fiancée. But I intend to return to England before Christmas and find a home in or near London.

I must live close to London because my real work is here. I had to find a job before I could think of marriage.

(London Express Service)



"Upon learning of the coming price-increase on toys you did wilfully acquire these at a minimum price from your colleagues, thinking they would be what you term 'big dough' come Christmas."

London Express Service

'Quite a fuss about a game of rounders!'

by C. V. R. THOMPSON

New York, Oct. 4. IN Brooklyn today there was a five-mile war dance along Flatbush-avenue, and the dancers, in between cheering their own heroes, yelled battle cries in their local patois, such as "We will moider them Yankees."

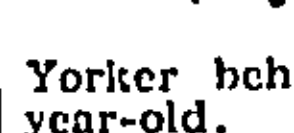
And in the Bronx even such a responsible citizen as the borough president, James J. Lyons, made this statement: "Those bums from Brooklyn will get such hospitality as a warring enemy deserves."

Feeling is running high, as the war correspondents used to say. Police have even been called in to settle order incidents.

This is merely part of the uncivil war which the traditions of American sport demand as part of any important contest.

The World Series they call it. This is a best of seven contests between the two league champions for the final championship of the year.

There is nothing new about America having a World Series but there is something new about this year's World Series. And it has every American above the age of three pop-eyed and every New Yorker behaving like a three-year-old.



General 'Iron Pants' may succeed Monty

MONTGOMERY'S successor as European Defence Chief when this post-merges into the Atlantic Pact defence organisation is likely to be an American.

The tip for the job in America is General Curtis Emerson LeMay, more familiarly known as "Iron Pants."

He is 42, at present chief of the Strategic Air Command, and as American as a hamburger.

It was he who introduced format on pattern bombing by which targets were scientifically wiped out. He set Tokyo ablaze with a 300-plane raid.



"IRON PANTS" American as a hamburger.

First there is the way it all came about. Six days ago, one but a gambling fool would have bet that either the Dodgers or the Yankees could make it.

The Yankees, with their £20,000-a-year batter Joe DiMaggio cut with pneumonia were a fair game behind the Boston Red Sox.

And at a crucial game with their rivals the St. Louis Cardinals, the Dodgers ace pitcher, Don Adams, and Preacher Roe, collided.

WHAT A DAY!

THEN came Sunday, the most thrilling day in baseball history. In that one afternoon both Yankees and Dodgers came out from behind to win.

Even the sober New York Herald-Tribune threw politics off its front page for what it called "The most frenzied day of baseball the city has ever seen."

But there is another reason why this year's World Series has Americans, and particularly New Yorkers in a frenzy.

Everyone has suddenly gone sentimental about the Yankees. For years the Yankees had the money to buy up the immortals like Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig and Joe DiMaggio. And even Bronxites got bored with their cold efficient victories.

This year everything changed. Owned now by Dan Topping, Lana Turner's brother-in-law the Yankees started off the season with bad luck.

Stories about him are legion. One when on a bombing mission to Germany his gunner reported "all guns jammed" and suggested they turn back.

LeMay barked, "Keep on course. What we got bombs for?"

He irritated Congress by his outspoken views on defence. In 1948 he told them that American politicians were allowing U.S. air power to wither.

So Congress gave him the job of building up the air strength again.

LeMay believes in nuclear power and rockets. He forecasts that one day we shall have atom-powered aircraft using no fuel at all.

He was made a general at 37—U.S. record.

(London Express Service)

Fans laughed at them at first and then wept for them. First DiMaggio hurt his heel and could not play for weeks. Their other star got ill or had accidents.

Their triumph in the face of such disaster supplied the happy ending all Americans except those living in Brooklyn, demand.

It is the women mostly who are the Yankees' new fans. They are standing around for hours outside the hang-outs used by DiMaggio and as soon as their tall lean smiling hero appears they give him the Frank Sinatra treatment.

GIFTS, CASH

DIMAGGIO is the man of the hour with the men too. They have just given him a benefit, and gifts that poured in would have stocked up a radio give-away programme—two cars, a motor-boat, a motorcycle, enough shirts for a lifetime, and nearly £15,000 in cheques and dollar bills (which he gave to charity).

Brooklyn's star is Jackie Robinson, the first Negro ever to play in major league baseball. Souvenir hunters have sworn they will tear off his clothes before the Series is over.

The games will have the greatest radio audience (75,000,000 a day) and the greatest TV audience (20,000,000) in history.

Profits will be divided as usual among the two teams players, the winners getting about £2,000 each, the losers £1,000.

Not more than 70,000 people can see any one game, except by TV. The box office prices are: £3 for a seat; 25s for standing room.

Today's black market price is £10 but it will probably go up to £30.

From tomorrow on when play starts all afternoon business appointments are subject to cancellation and even those who have to keep on working will have radios beside them.

Today the warden of Sing-Sing announced that all convicts would be given the afternoon off while the Series is on. President Truman has fixed to get the sports every ten minutes.

SEE ABOVE

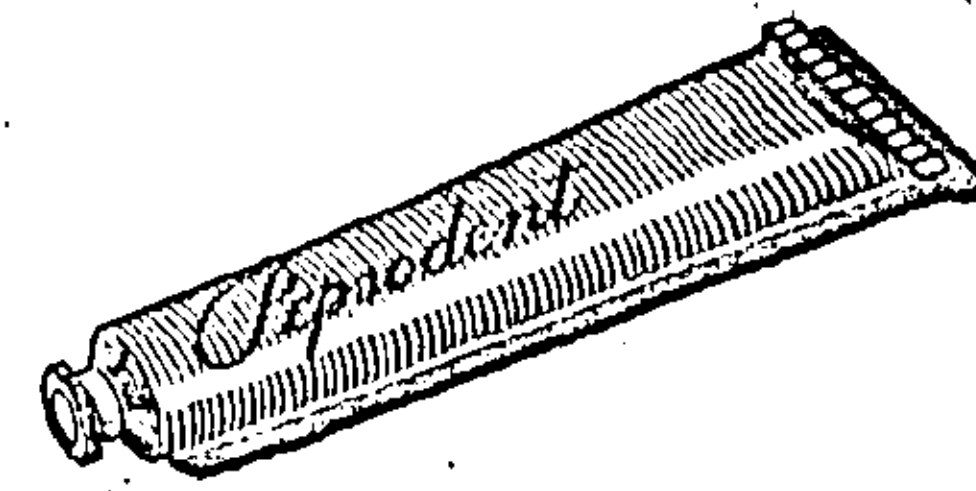
OVERNIGHT New York has become a boom town. The thousands trooping in by train and plane just to be in the same city where this Series will be played have filled every hotel.

Everyone is in such a fever that here is a warning for any Englishman arriving in New York between now and next Tuesday—this is not the time to say something like "Quite a fuss about a game of rounders."

FOOTNOTE dated Oct. 12: The Yankees have won the World Series.

(London Express Service)

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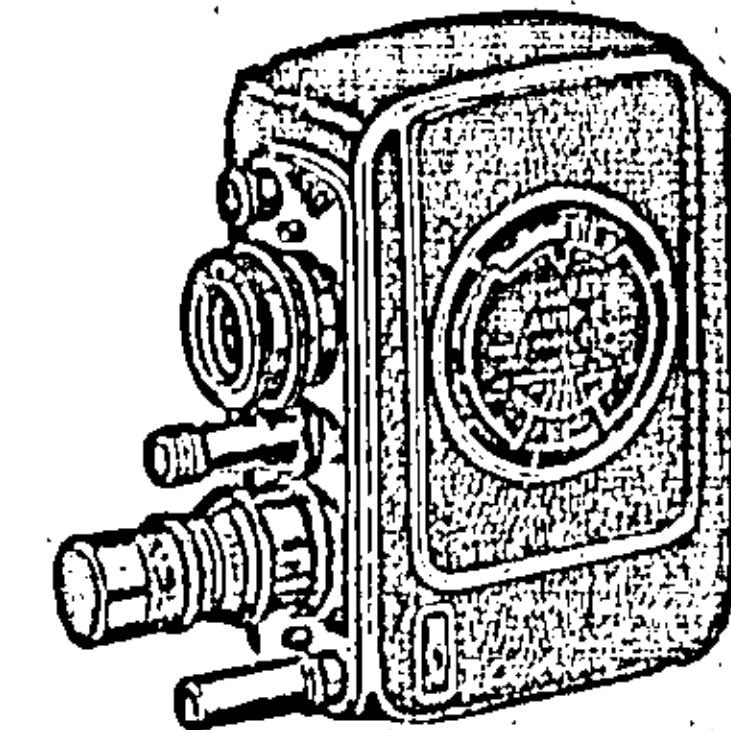
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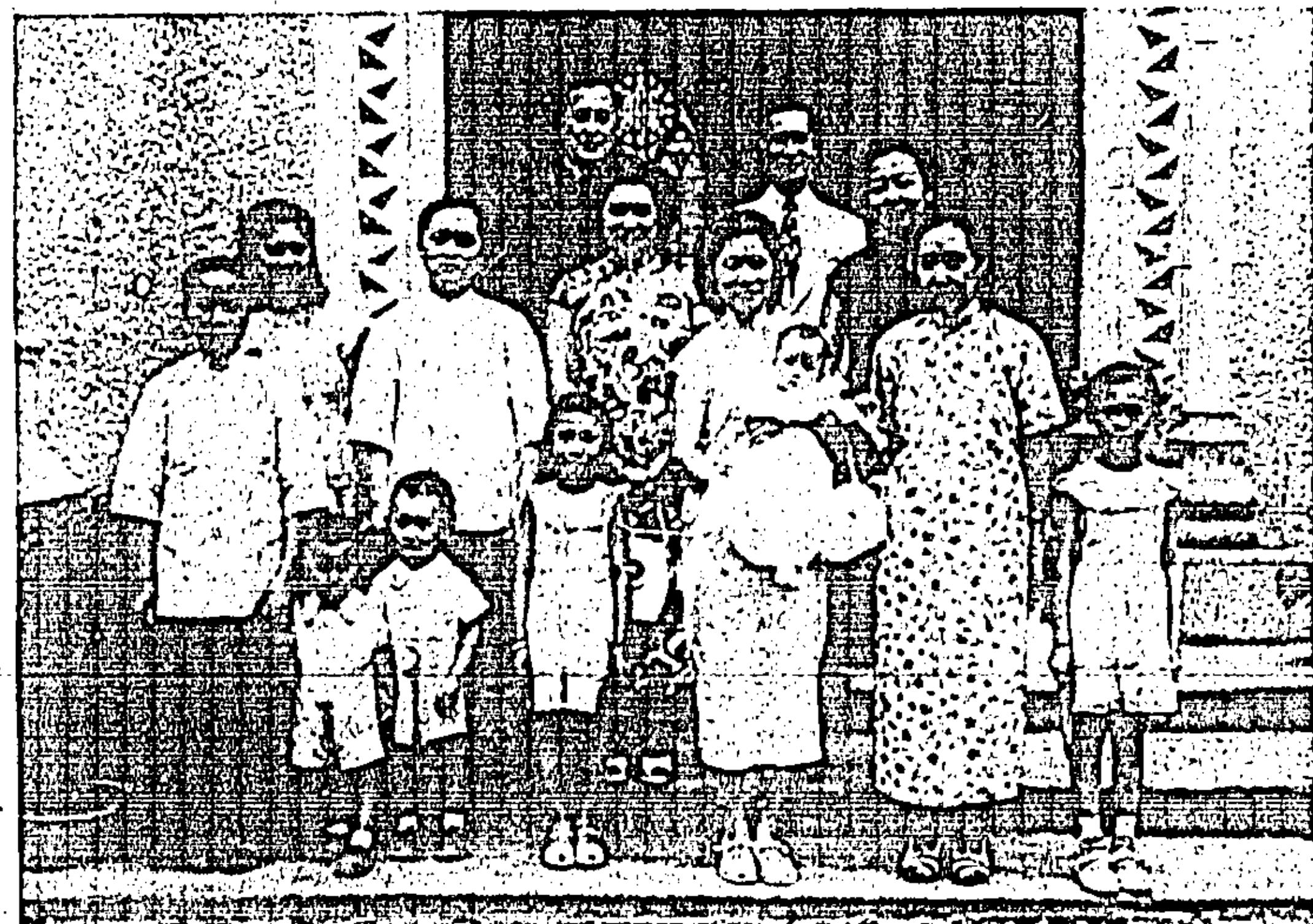
ON October 5, Portuguese residents of Hongkong celebrated their National Day, and the Portuguese Consul, Dr E. Brazao, gave a cocktail party at the Club Lusitano. Above left: Mr J. F. Nicoll, who attended as Officer Administering the Government, greeted on arrival by Dr and Mrs Brazao. Left: Mr C. Bramall Burgess with the Hon. T. N. Chau. Above right: another group at the party. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



ABOVE and at left are two views of the military parade held in Macao to celebrate Portugal's National Day. On parade were the new units who recently arrived to reinforce the garrison. (Mei Iun)



MR. Fok Tak-chiu and his bride, formerly Miss Kan Kwel-chau, who were married at a ceremony at the Kam Ling Restaurant recently. (Lido Studio)



THE Hongkong Defence Force held a cocktail party at the new Volunteer Centre, in the premises of the former Cheero Club, last week. Above and at right are two pictures taken on the occasion. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)

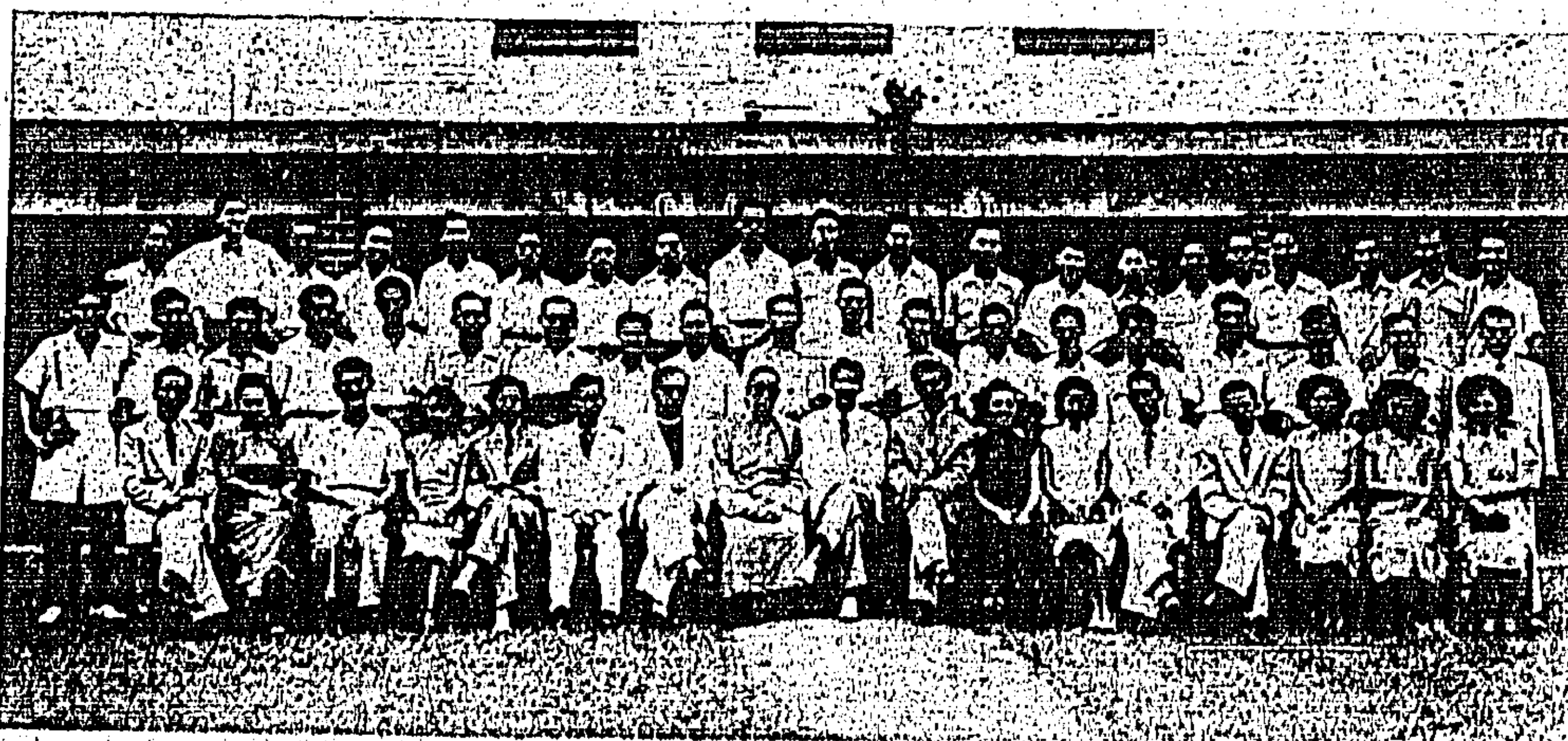


LEFT: Picture taken at St John's Cathedral last week at the christening of Brenda, daughter of Mr and Mrs H. L. Kwee. (Ming Yuen)

RIGHT: Procession leaving the Roman Catholic Cathedral last Sunday after the consecration of the Most Rev. Lorenzo Bianchi (second from left) as Coadjutor Bishop of Hongkong. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



BELOW: Hongkong University students who celebrated the Double Tenth at the Eu Tong-sen Gymnasium pose for a group photograph. (Ming Yuen)



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WEEK-END WOMANSENSE



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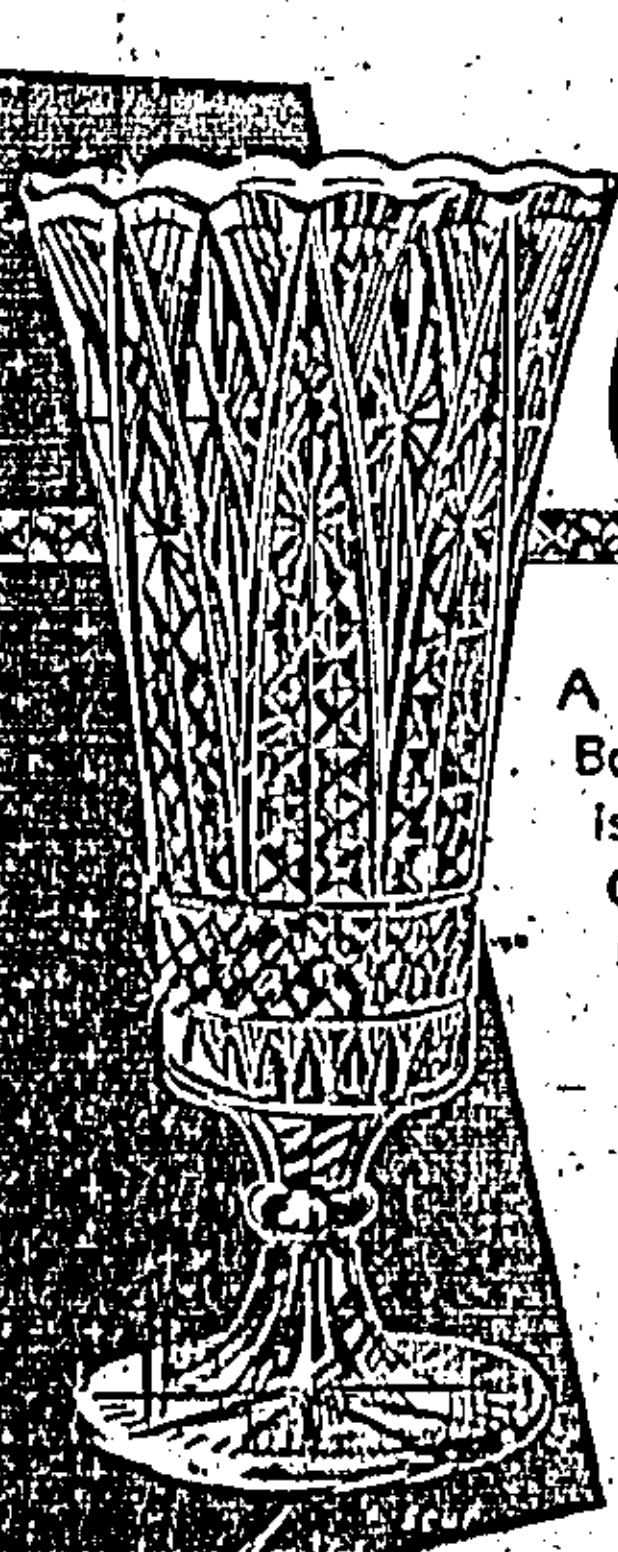
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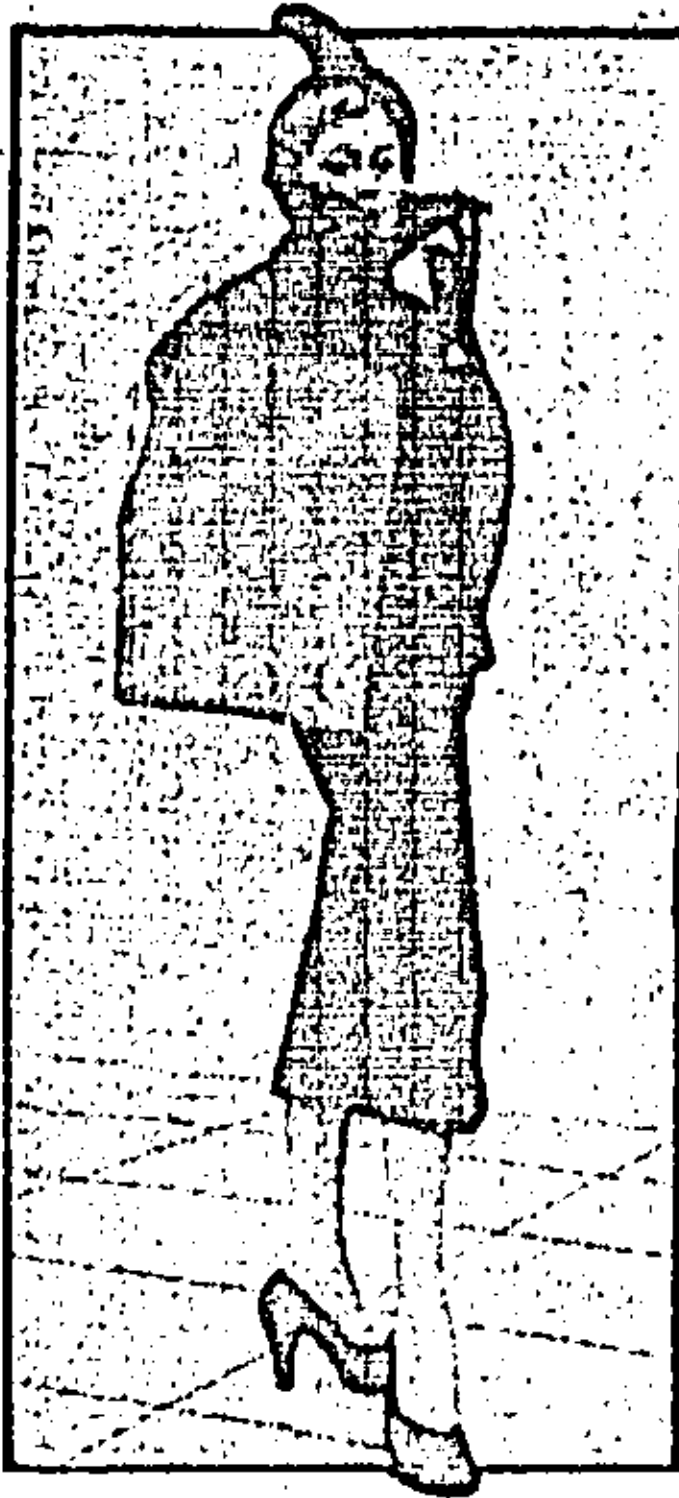
Ingenohl's
CRYSTAL DEPARTMENT

101-103, GLOUCESTER ARCADE, HONG KONG.

Autumn hats are small... gay...mad...

by EILEEN ASCROFT

AUTUMN hats are small and head-hugging, with many variations on the cloche, cap and helmet. Movement is definitely to the side, with a deep elephant's ear framing the face. Height is achieved with upstanding feather quills, or brims curved upwards like an inverted V.



Winter White is a lovely new shade, and the muted tones of off-blacks are smart. We shall be seeing a lot of velvet caps this season—they are very becoming with up-to-the-ears coat collars.

The Condor collection (three of the hats are photographed above) included many of these velvet caps, trimmed with sequins or sweeping sprays for cocktail wear.

French models

A COLLECTION of beautiful French model hats has just arrived in London from many of the best Paris houses.

Madame Edelle, who makes hats for many of the stars, including Gertrude Lawrence, Cressy, Carson and Jean Simmons, tells me that English women always like Jacques Fath models. The two most popular styles this Autumn are both from his collection.

My own favourite was a Schiaparelli navy blue felt with a deep wavy "wing" at one side framing the face.

I liked, too, a model just ordered by the Duchess of Norfolk to wear in the country. In deep nigger brown wool, it had



a stitched quilting all-over pattern. The crown was pointed like a pixie's cap, and the brim was softened with matching veiling.

I also had a preview of a beautiful Rose Descartes white satin bridal halo, embroidered with silver beads and sequins. It is being made for a November bride, Miss Dana Joel, 20-year-old granddaughter of the late Solly Joel, diamond magnate and racehorse owner.

It will be an unusual wedding, because the colour scheme is all-white. The bride is having a gown of white satin, encrusted with embroidery to match the head-dress, and the 12 bridesmaids will wear white chiffon with little white satin Dutch cloche caps.

Charm school

THE new slim silhouette demands a slim basis. So if you're going to look good in the shorter, closer-fitting winter clothes you'll need to trim your waistline, strengthen your front muscles and reduce your hip measurement.

Perfect proportions are waist 10in. smaller and hips not more than 2in. larger than the bust measurement.

Diet, fresh air and exercise are the natural way to slim. There are other methods, but they need a doctor's check-up first.

DIET—Cut down on starch, such as bread, potato and cake, too much sweet stuff, such as desserts and candies, between-meal snacks, alcohol and don't drink with your meals.

FRESH AIR—Try and walk more than usual in the fresh air, taking occasional deep breaths: sleep with your windows open.

EXERCISE—Most important of all is the 10 minutes of correctly balanced exercises each morning before dressing. A little book of basic slimming exercises has just been written by "Britain's Perfect Girl," Prunella Slack, leader of the Women's League of Health and Beauty. Exercises are simple, clearly explained and illustrated. Book is called *The Way to Health and Beauty*.

From America comes news of more winter collections.

Rich furs, with interest centred on collars and sleeves—high-light the Mendel-Maggy Rouff collection, which features wide, full-length coats or slim bloused-back jackets. Collars emphasise the Fath "pyramid" silhouette. All redingotes are leather-belted.

The window shade neckline was featured in the Hattie Carnegie show. Other new numbers were the Catch Suit, with jacket closings shaped like inverted fish-tails, and the Carriage Coat.

Carnegie predicts for 1950... dresses slim as pencils, trailing ash ends, puffed overskirts, Byronic sleeves, back interest in wired poufs or wings of fabric.

Window shade neckline has a tab of material set into a V slash that can be zipped high, lower or very low indeed.

Necklaces made of ermine appear with low-cut evening gowns.

American women have taken to the new short evening dress and it is seen a lot in New York night spots.

Mahnbocher showed a full short dancing dress, of hydrangea pink taffeta, with a billowing skirt and draped bodice. A spray of pink lustrous glitters on the skirt.

Another beautiful "and" unusual dress was in moonstone blue and black rough wool, with extravagantly full skirt, topped with a black jersey, black leather belt and black wool jacket.

New hairstyles

EVENING hairstyles this winter will carry the "Capri strand" according to hair stylist Raymond. He is reintroducing the blonde streak in the front dark hair and in blonde heads he will put glamorous pastel shades to match the frock, such as bright green, pink or blue. He assures me that they wash out next morning!

—(London Express Service)

A Best-Selling Suit And Sweater

By Joan Erskine

LONDON.
NOW that the fashion tempo has slowed down, and we have seen the clothes that will be worn by well-dressed women next season, we decided to pick a suit and a sweater that, in our opinion, are going to prove best sellers in England.

We chose a suit and a sweater, because they are the basis of a well-chosen wardrobe.

THE SUIT... is buttoned at waist and high at collar, has all pockets in the jacket. It is easy to wear, teems per-

fectly with the suit, and flatters the figure. It is adaptable—it can be dressed up for evening wear with jewellery.

Both the sweater and suit come from Dorville, and show the high quality of clothes now being produced by the wholesale trade.

Take Your Choice

TAKE your choice—ermine or cone? Mink or Chinchilla? Some people like furs for warmth, others prefer them for decoration. Both parties are catered for this season. Seldom before has fur been used in such a variety of ways.

Naturally, full use is made of fur for handbags, muffs and boots. I notice that leopard skin used with black is most popular for town wear.

Although every type of fur imaginable has been used, the humble rabbit has achieved an outstanding success. Dyed different colours, and sometimes going through as many as seventy different processes, it is hardly recognisable once it has changed its name to cone (plus another name), and taken on a becoming dignity. It should not be scorned—one coat I saw lined entirely with black cone was most luxurious, and the cost is considerably less than most other furs.

Velvet Returns

A FABRIC that has never been equalled for its air of richness, has returned to the autumn collections. Velvet is used lavishly by all the couturiers. There are velvet coats worn over matching corduroy dresses, velvet skirts with tweed jackets, and vice versa, velvet gloves and handbags, and of course, velvet day, afternoon, and evening dresses.

The colours are beyond description. They range from deep glowing fruit colours—crimson, plum, grape, blackcurrant—to all the lighter shades of green and blue. Loveliest are the dark shades that are shot through with a contrasting colour, navy blue that has a wine sheen in some lights, or deep green that shimmers gold.

I saw two formal suits, one in Parma violet, the other in sea-green velvet recently. The first had a wide floating panel at the back—a style that has faded rather from the general fashion scene but is an excellent idea for a velvet skirt, which has an irritating habit of marking. (Hitch your floating panel discreetly through the back of a chair when you sit down, and make sure it is not concertina-creased!)

Tight-skirted velvet day dresses, sometimes with flowing overskirts in another material, are as numerous as elaborately draped evening dresses. An ice-blue full-skirted taffeta evening dress by Frederick Starke, had a crimson velvet cummerbund and overskirt which opened in the front, and was shorter than the skirt at the hem. It had a pleasantly old-fashioned, country-gipsy appearance, that rapidly changed when the crimson skirt was detached and worn as a cloak.

—(London Express Service)

by SUSAN DEACON Evening dresses go short



THE new short evening dress (right) is worn with an inexpensive fur stole. (Above) Mole-skin evening jacket in utility fur.

FOR more than twenty years since the departure of the back dipping hem-line, the full-length evening dress has been fashionable.

Low necklines, full skirts and stoles have altered the outline of the evening gown, but length has remained unaltered.

I foresee a revolutionary change in style for the coming winter.

Short evening dresses which Paris has been pushing for two seasons will soon be appearing in the shops—and women will love them.

Practical too

I have seen them made in tulle, lace, velvet and satin, with and without straps.

Glamorous and sophisticated, they are practical too. Trailing muddy hemlines will disappear, and a bolero will transform these evening dresses into attractive cocktail dresses.

Golby has sketched a black short evening dress with a very full skirt and gold embroidered straps and belt, a good example of the new style.

This is sold with a matching bolero.

You must give new glamour to your shoes and stockings in these ankle-revealing dresses.

Flash coloured nylons (if you can get them at all) are more popular than last season's dark colours, and Paris showed evening shoes with diamante heels and buckles.

Most women long to possess a fur coat, and I have been looking at the new utility furs.

Turning my back reluctantly on a Canadian ranch mink coat for the price of which you could buy a house, I chose a utility moleskin jacket in the sketch.

The furs are worked to give a cross-striped effect. The back is flared, and the skins are dyed faintly blue. It could be worn as easily over a suit as over a day or evening dress.

Chandeliers

I prophesy the return of sling-back shoes next season.

Chandelier necklaces made from glittering crystal chandelier drops are selling inexpensively in London. Matching drop earrings can be bought to make the set.

I have seen buttons shaped like bluebottles, crabs, lions, lover's knots, and champagne bottles.

—(London Express Service)



A BEST-SELLING SUIT... brown and white herringbone suit with full-backed jacket gathered in to belt at waist. (From Dorville).

rounded shoulders, deep cuffs, interesting seaming, and full back gathered in to an inset belt. The skirt is straight and tight. The suit illustrated on this page is made in brown and white-herringbone tweed.

It is an elegant tweed suit that has broken away from the conventional classic line, and would be right in town, or suitable for the country.

THE SWEATER... is in slate blue jersey—has the new plunging neckline, dolman sleeves, and very deep welt.

Short belted fur coats, with full gathered backs, cloth coats with fur-backed collars and fur belts, tiny fitting fur boleros, fur ties, fur hats, whole fox furs as decoration on a coat, and rich fur linings for travel caps, are only a few of the ways in which fur is being used.

More unusual is a full-skirted evening dress which has an off-the-shoulder neckline edged with soft fur, a pair of tulle evening gloves edged with bands of fur, an all-fur cardigan, a button-on topkirt, and a fur sweater.



A BEST-SELLING SWEATER in slate blue jersey with cross-over plunging neckline, dolman sleeves and deep welt. (From Dorville).

PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

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Report-in-drawings-and-words

THE FOUR AGES
OF WOMEN

TO BEGIN with, I don't count girls in their teens. My view is that no one under 20 comes under the heading WOMAN.

From then on the classification is easy.

Twenty years—to thirty.
Thirty years—to forty.
Forty years—to fifty-five.
Fifty-five . . . onwards.
Each year-group has its assets and its problems. Quite obviously they vary widely from person to person, but mostly there is a rough common denominator in clothes and in domestic interests. And even the briefest check-up against some other person's philosophy at least can start you examining your own, sorting out your ideas, clarifying the general direction you're aiming at.

To illustrate these Four Ages of Women groups, I have in each case selected one person who seems to me to illustrate perfectly the features of her age.

Take for example.
MARGARET LEIGHTON

Miss Leighton is 27 years old; alert, successful in her acting career; happily married; enjoying life now and intending to enjoy it in the future.

I would call her a perfect example of the English-Rose school of beauty.



HER HOME

Mine's the age for all the Baitery you can get . . .

JUST now she is a sophisticated young married with an individual eye for things about a home.

Her new country house, shared by publisher-husband Max Reinhardt, would have been furnished very differently five years ago. "And I expect in the next five years my taste will change again."

Her bedroom, for instance, would not have been so definitely luxurious or so elegant. Now she chooses something to flatter a feminine heart.

Yards of crisp white broderie anglaise used to trim everything from the bed to the lampshades . . . dove-grey walls . . . crimson and -white flowered curtains with a covered Hepplewhite screen to match . . . Victorian china dogs either side of the fireplace . . . a white telephone.

But she has strictly practical ideas, too, amid the luxury. "To avoid the ugly spotlight effect of a centre light, 'how I hate them, but I must be able to see,' she covers the bottom and sides

of a wire lampshade frame with material to match the dressing-table curtains.

The other rooms, each one long, low-ceiled and complete, show the same individual style. In the drawing-room there is an original painting by British artist Duncan Grant. The deep easy-chairs are pastel-coloured and white-tasseled.

And few pictures. "We've learned to like that. It's such a costly business to fill these walls with paintings—good paintings."

When you're newly married is the time to experiment with new dishes.

And it is usually the simple ones he likes.

What could be easier to make than Miss Leighton's favourite fish stand-by?

Fill half a fireproof dish with spinach (the tinned kind will do). Place rolled fillets of fish on top, pour over a thick cheese sauce. Bake in oven for 20 minutes.

It's a good dish, this—but more important than the dish itself is the idea of trying something new, of refusing to drop into a dreary food rut—even before you're thirty.

—(London Express Service)

...Do most women waste half their energy by seldom using their heads?

Anne Edwards

A HOUSEWIFE recently worked out that she wasted 30 hours a year and 28,000ft. of walking because she kept her coffee pot, her coffee, and her measuring spoon all in different cupboards.

The fact that you can go into a kitchen and—knowing exactly where to find the kitchen knives, the plates, the saucers, and the jam shows that most kitchens are traditional. And the trouble with this particular tradition is that it is out of date.

Why should the kitchen knives and forks be kept in a drawer of the kitchen-table?

Why should the kitchen table have to be in the middle?

Why are mixing bowls stacked one inside the other—so that it is tiresome to pick out a middle size?

Why do we have cup hooks leaving vulnerable jugs and cups dangling and knocking?

Why is the sink nearly always on one wall and the stove on the opposite wall?

Why are china cupboards, made deep and narrow instead of shallow and wide—so that you nearly break or have to remove whatever is in front to reach whatever is at the back?

If she wants to make pastry . . . the traditional housewife has the pastry-board in one place, the flour in a bin somewhere else, the rolling-pin in the kitchen table drawer, sugar and butter in the pantry, baking tin stacked in the bottom cupboard.

Then she proceeds to cut it out in rounds, roll up the ends, and cut out again and again, when, if she cut tarts in squares, it would be only one operation. And she wastes as much energy making a few jam tarts as an average man does in a day at the office.

That's because she is working on the old idea of stacking things—things together, all the saucers here, all the measuring spoons there. The new idea is to group the utensils round the job.

And the women who have tried it say it saves 40 percent of their time and 50 percent of their walking.

THE CATCH

REPORTS that the Marquis of Milford Haven is to marry caused a thunderous crack that could be heard from England to New York . . . the breaking hearts of at least a dozen young women.

Those with their ears close to the ground however heard another sound—the gasping breath of the young women's mothers. At 30 the young Marquis has been Britain's most eligible catch for the past ten years.

If he exports himself to America with his bride, it will leave a gap in London society as well as in the jollier side of business.

As London's only young man about town David Milford Haven



Let's Eat

IDA BAILEY ALLEN

Spinach Can Be Made More Than "Tolerable"

"WHEN I was in town recently I ordered a garden plate for luncheon, but the vegetables were so tasteless and watery I simply couldn't eat them. There was a poached egg in the middle with spinach, carrots, string beans and cauliflower around it," said I to the Chef.

"And were the vegetables fresh, Madame?"

"Yes, they were fresh and of good quality."

"Then it was the old culinary defect: First they drown them, then they overcook them."

"The spinach tasted the worst, Chef. Of course, it's a watery vegetable in itself so it should be cooked in its own juice. I'm convinced that the reason spinach is generally overcooked is because it is customary to cook the stems and leaves together. In order to get the stems tender, the leaves have to be overcooked, and so lose not only their fine flavour, but their pleasant texture and attractive green colour."

Clover Diagnosis

"Madame, that is a clever diagnosis. To avoid this difficulty we shall have to introduce a new method of cooking spinach, which I shall now suggest. First it should be quickly washed three times in tepid water to get rid of the sand and dirt. Then we must put a big handful of the leaves neatly together and cut off the stems in inch lengths. These stems should not be thrown away—they are very good to eat. We will put them in a saucepan with no more than one-half inch of water. We will add a little salt, put on a lid and slow boil 10 minutes, and no longer. Then we put in the leaves and mix it all up. We put on the cover again and slow boil 7 minutes, or until the leaves are barely tender—no more. Even though we do not add any water with the leaves of two pounds of spinach, we will have about 1½ cups of liquid. This we will drain off and save to use in a jellied soup. The spinach can be seasoned in any way we like. We can use plain butter, salt and pepper, or a little lemon juice or French dressing."

"I like to chop it coarse, Chef, and add soured cream with salt and pepper. Or a little butter, fresh grated celery, radishes or cucumber, and heat it through for a minute."

"When spinach is plain cooked to keep its colour and flavour, Madame, it can be used for the service of poached eggs. A very fine platter for a vegetable dinner can be made to include this combination. In the middle heap Spanish rice. Around this form nests of cooked spinach, very red, then a poached egg in each one. And to top off, grated cheese on the eggs and a parsley garnish. It makes a beautiful platter!"

Spinach Omelette

"And I especially like a spinach omelette for breakfast, lunch or dinner. Of course, hot creamed spinach may be spread in the fold of a plain omelette. But I like best to add ¼ cup of fine-chopped spinach to the mixture for a plain four-egg French omelette, then cook it as usual. A bacon garnish is good with it."

"One reason more people do not eat spinach is because it is often lacking in eye appeal," observed the Chef. "But with a little care it can be made an attractive part of a fine meal or fish platter. For example, the spinach timbales. These are not difficult. Just rub custard cups with butter or margarine. Drain off the liquid, chop the cooked spinach fine, season and pack it into the cups. Let stand in the oven until very hot. Then unmould on a platter around the meat or fish, put a thin slice of lemon or radish on each timbale. Et voilà!"

Dinner

Cantaloupe
Cheesed Tomatoes Bologna
Quick Spinach Savoury Carrots
Deep Dish Fruit Cocktail Pie
Hot or Iced Coffee or Tea
Milk (Children)
All Measurements Are Level
Recipes Serve Four

Cheesed Tomatoes

Select 4 large even-sized tomatoes. Wash, slice off the tops and scoop out the pulp to form cups. (Use it later for sauce or soup.) Then make a savoury enriched cornmeal filling; cool slightly and almost fill the tomatoes with it. Place in a pan or baking dish containing barley enough hot water to cover the bottom. Bake about 30 min. in a moderate oven, 375° F. Then cut each tomato with a thin slice of sharp American cheese, and continue to bake until the melts and browns. Serve on squares of buttered toast.

Savoury Cornmeal Filling: Fry 2 tbsp. minced onion and 4 tbsp. minced green pepper in 2 tbsp. butter, margarine or bacon fat until softened. Then stir into ¼ c. enriched cornmeal; add ½ tsp. salt and 1 c. boiling water. Cook and stir rapidly for 4 min., or until well blended and very thick. Use as directed.

Bologna-Saute

Order ½ lb. bologna sausage sliced thin. Remove the skin. Spread half the slices with mustard and top with the remaining slices to make pairs. Beat an egg with ½ c. milk. Dip in the bologna. Then cover with fine dry crumbs and sauté in vegetable fat until browned on both sides.

Deep-Dish-Fruit Cocktail-Pie

Almost any combination of fruits is suitable—such as quartered apricots, pears or apples. Stir into the fruit 3 tsp. flour, ¼ tsp. salt, ¼ c. sugar and ¼ tsp. cinnamon. Moisten with ¼ c. apple juice or water. Thoroughly mix the fruit with the butter or margarine. Put in the fruit mixture. Dot with 1 tbsp. butter or margarine, and cover with piecrust rolled a scant ¼" thick. Bring it down over the edges of the dish, and press in place to seal in the juices. Slash three times on top to release the steam. Brush with milk, dust with ½ tsp. granulated sugar and bake 35 min. in a moderate oven, 375° F.

Trick Of The Chef

Season boiling carrots with marjoram for a nice taste.

Household Hints

Watch the humidity in your artificially heated home this winter if you cherish your fine furniture. Several gallons of water a day can and should be evaporated in the typical house or apartment. Extremely dry air is bad for any furniture.

Moths thrive on grease spots in your rugs. Water is the first thing to use for any spot of unknown origin. If this doesn't work, let the rug dry and follow up with rug cleaning compounds.

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BLUE BAND ALWAYS

BLUE BAND MARGARINE

Keeping Your Home As Up-to-date As Yourself

LONDON. If you believe in keeping your home as up-to-date as yourself, you would be interested in an entirely new art form on show in London held some time ago.

In 1939 Mile. Marie Lemastre, an interior decorator, decided to create pictures of the Paris she loved in a way never before attempted.

She took a few handfuls of coloured wool, a few squares of canvas, and formed her pictures by dropping tiny shreds of wool on to the canvas. Tens of thousands of minute wool particles fluttered down on to her canvas to form pictures of such places as the Ile Saint Louis and the Palais de Justice.

The clinging quality of the wool kept it firmly attached to

the canvas and when glass was placed over the top, the wool pictures were quite secure.

When at the International Wool Secretariat Mile. Lemastre was asked how long she took to complete one picture, she shrugged her shoulders and said "I have sometimes completed one in a day—once I did thirty in six weeks!"

But she made it sound deceptively simple. Firstly she makes copious notes on the colours she will use. Then she draws several rough sketches—but the canvas she works on is quite plain.

She used to collect sample cards of wool, and comb them out, to obtain her tiny fibres. She almost always worked in a room almost entirely free of dust, and thanks to long training on the piano for their suppleness. Recently one of her pictures was commissioned by the French state for the Assembly Hall of l'Ecole de Puériculture.

"Renoir" Touch

On first glancing at the pictures, which range from ethereal landscapes to almost sharp still-lives, we were struck by the impressionistic quality of the work. There was a "Renoir" touch about them. It is difficult to describe the sheer delicacy and subtle shading of the pictures, and it is hard to believe that they are entirely composed of tiny scraps of wool.

Mile. Lemastre claims to be the only artist using wool in this form. This work is infinitely superior to the once popular practice of "considering" pictures on silk, which had too precise an appearance.

I wonder how many housewives with a little time on their hands are going to turn out their embroidery baskets (or the children's work-boxes) and start attempting ambitious works of art to hang on their sitting room walls (or banish to the nursery to amuse baby.)

New Vapour Protects Stores From Germs

ST LOUIS.—There is in St Louis a women's specialty store which installs glycol vapour as a protection against infection from bacteria and virus for both employees and customers. The vapour is invisible, harmless, odourless, stimulates fresh air, and is circulated through the store. Air conditioning system, providing protection against colds, influenza, measles, mumps, pneumonia, "strep" infections and many others. It also provides protection for a number of hours after leaving the store, reducing to a minimum the hazards of germs while riding on crowded buses or being in crowds of any kind.

This system was installed by the Air Purification Service Western, Inc. of St. Louis, a branch of the main office which is located in Newark.

Salty Touches In Room Decoration

"YOU and your Home." Ursula Bloom's new book is the first simple book on home planning which makes one feel like dashing home and doing something about her own home.

The chapter on the linen cupboard reveals lots of original ideas—RAF escape maps made into table-cloths, which wash like rags and keep their colours; table-cloth and napkin sets made from checked dust sheets; the back of worn-out pillowcases used for attractive napkins, hemstitched and dyed to contrast with your china, and table mats which you can make cheaply and easily yourself.

The only criticism of Miss Bloom's book is the way she runs riot in her nautical husband's dressing-room! His navy cotton curtains are decorated with white painted anchors the pelmet is trimmed with rope and has the slogan "Never Trust a Sailor" written across it in tape, and muslin window curtains, embroidered with nautical badges.

Only The Beginning

But that is only the beginning—Blue-face towels—have nautical insignia, bath towels are embroidered HMS Peculiar, HMS Disgusting and HMS Revolting.

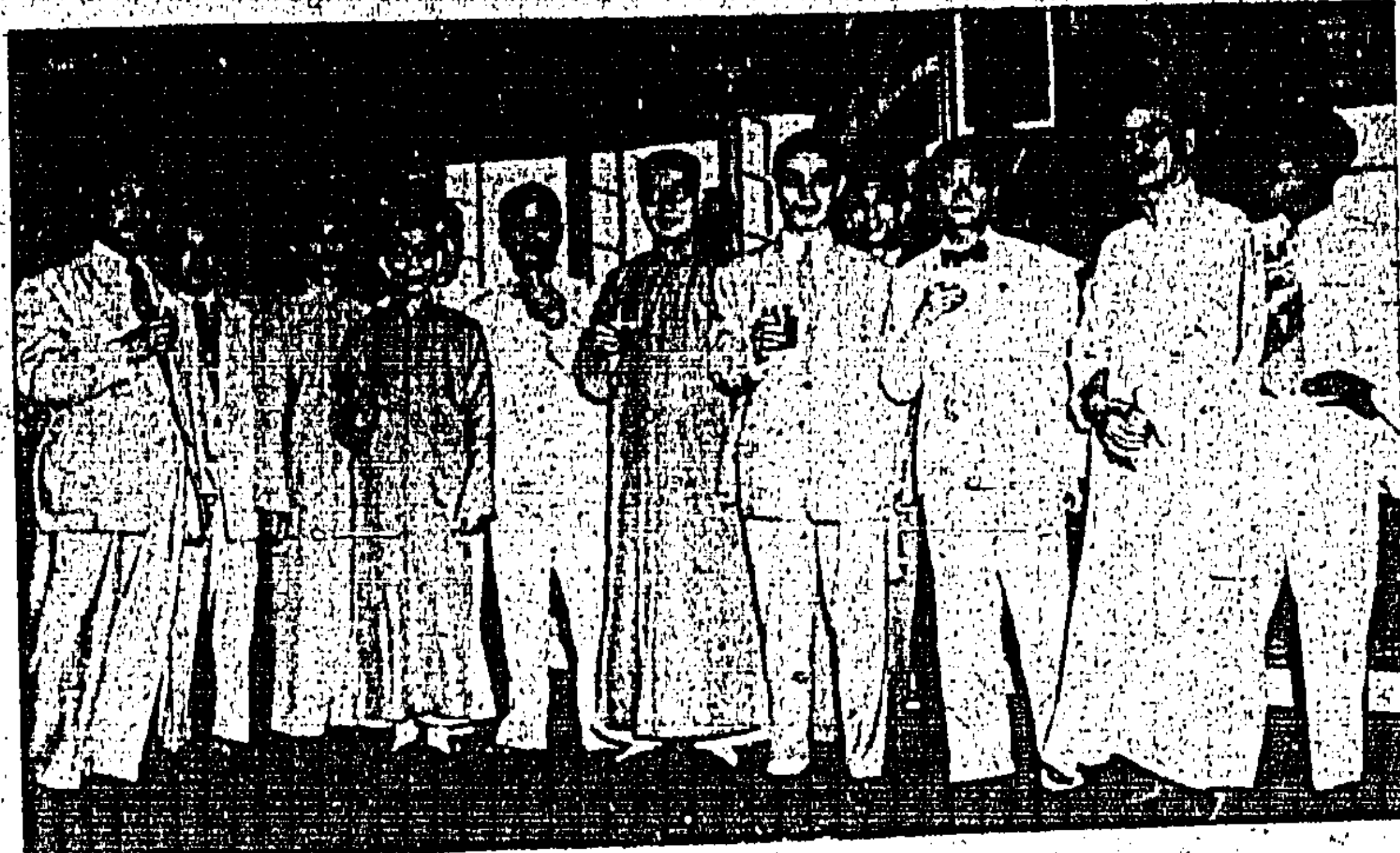
When her husband takes a bath he has to face a Plimsoll mark; when he steps out of it he walks on a red bathmat decorated with ginger-headed sailors dancing the humpie, a couple of seagulls and a background of waves, with a "Rule Britannia" slogan.

The cupboard is marked "Ditty Box and even the clock is decorated with rope and life-buoys and bears the slogan "Hell's Bells".

But in spite of "Mr Bloom's" sufferings, one still finds it a most useful little book.



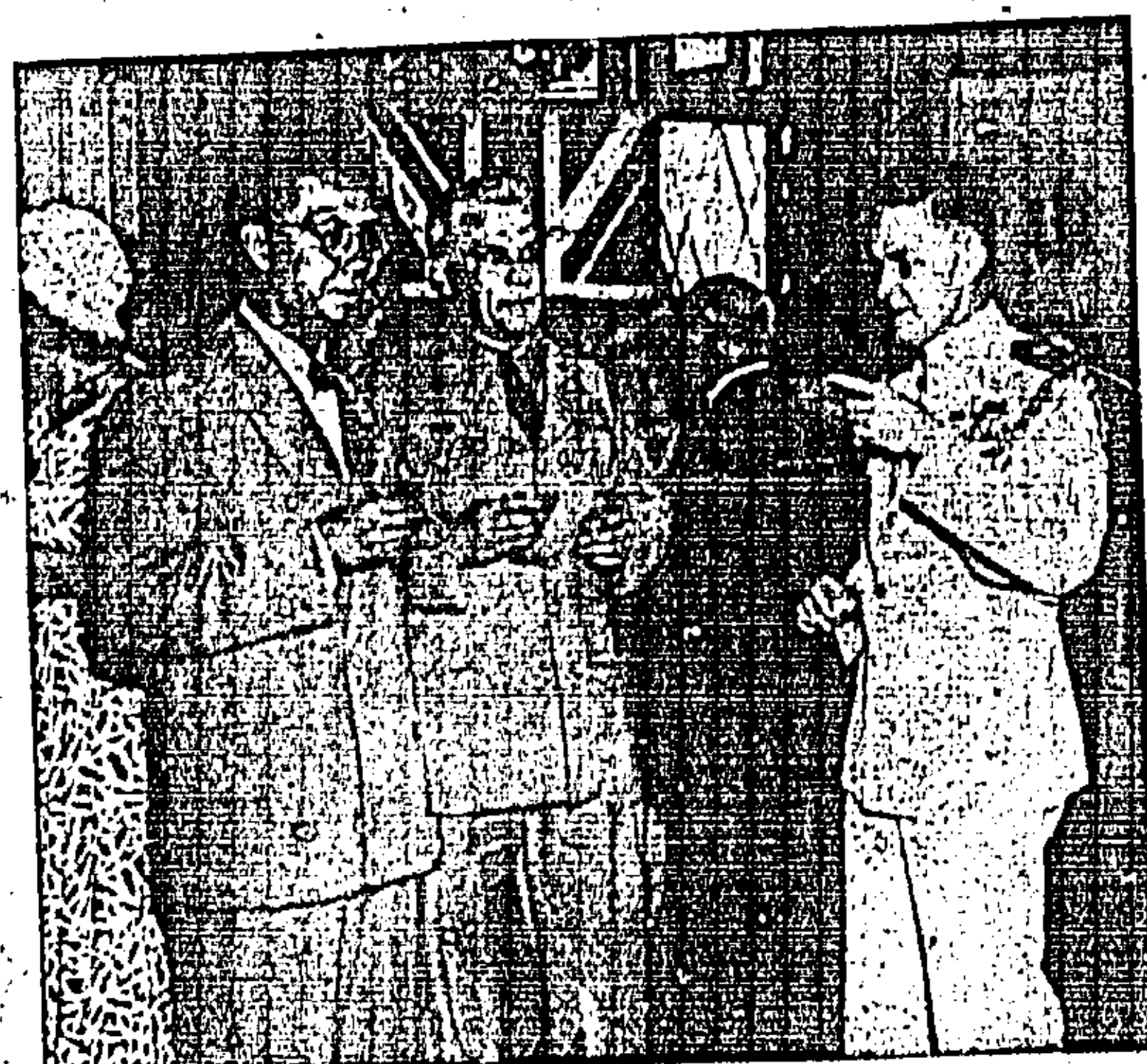
HIS Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, and Mr T. W. Kwok, Chinese Special Commissioner for Foreign Affairs, honour a toast at the Double Tenth cocktail party given by Mr and Mrs Kwok. Below: some of the other guests at the party. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



MEMBERS of the Hongkong Chinese Chamber of Commerce who attended a reception to celebrate the Double Tenth on Monday last. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



Mr Chan Man-foo and Miss Yip Chik-lam pose with their attendants after their marriage at the Hongkong Hotel last week. (Golden Studio)



GROUP photograph taken at the Rosary Church last Saturday after the wedding of Mr A. P. Ozorio and Miss Gertrude Maria Crestejo. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



MR D. Taylor and Miss Molly Leung were married at the Registry last week. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



MR Wu Wai and Miss Tse Pui-king, who were married at the Luk Kwok Hotel last week. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



MRS Tseung Fat-im speaking on Chinese customs at the Mooncake Festival tea party held at the YWCA. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)

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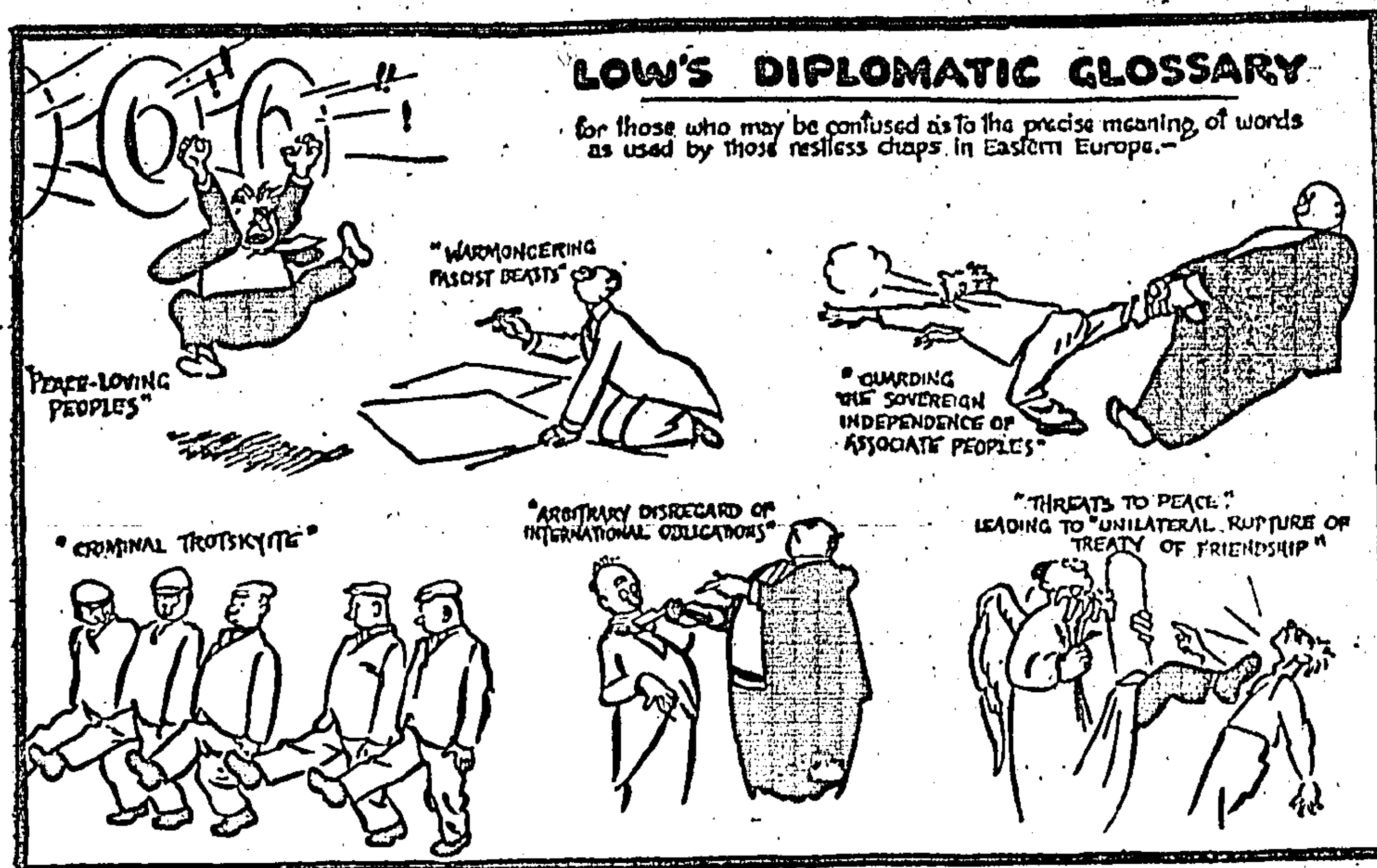
MR M. A. Mend and his bride, formerly Miss C. McCall, leaving St Joseph's Church after their wedding last Saturday. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)

THE President of Rotary International, Mr Percy Hodgson (centre figure above), was welcomed on his arrival here recently by Mr G. E. Marden, District Governor. At left is Mrs Hodgson. Below: Mr Hodgson with Sir Shouson Chow and Mr Fung Ping-fan at the cocktail party given by Mr Fung. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



PREVENT DECAY—





HOW THE SOVIET BANKING SYSTEM WORKS

By O. R. Hobson

Oscar Rudolf Hobson, authoritative writer on economic subjects is City Editor of the News Chronicle (London), and a member of the London School of Economics and Political Science. He is a former editor of The Financial News.

IF every country has the Government or the newspapers it deserves it has also the banking system which its political, social and economic set-up requires that it should have. If, therefore, we are to attempt a comparative description of the British and Soviet banking systems which is to make any real sense we must start by broadly comparing and contrasting the respective governmental systems of the two countries. It is not enough in this connection just to use popular labels, to say that Russia is communist or Britain is a plutocracy and leave it at that. Neither country can now lay claim to complete purity of political "strain." Both are in their respective ways cross-breeds. Russia is certainly "communist" or "socialist" in the sense that only a minimal amount of material property is "owned" by individual citizens and—in particular—that practically all productive plant and apparatus is communally owned. She is not "communist" in the sense that there is anything like complete equality of consumer rights. She never was "communist" in the sense that there was equality of political power among her citizens. Her distinguishing political trait is that government is in the hands of an intensely powerful oligarchy, whilst, correspondingly, in the economic sphere the fundamental characteristic is her highly-centralised authoritarian planning of production and investment.

Socialised Sector

OF Britain, similarly, it is no longer sufficient to say that her economic system is one of private enterprise and free markets for commodities and labour, tempered only by State humanitarian and strategic considerations and a slight intrusion of socialism in such spheres as transport and communications.

Nowadays there is a substantial socialised sector in production and in services formerly rendered by private undertakings, while there is a much larger element of centralised planning of investment and production than there used to be. Nevertheless, it is still true to say that in the main the means of production are owned by individual persons or groups of persons who conduct their operations with a view to earning profits for themselves and under comparatively slight interference from the State. And it is still true to say that the framework within which production, distribution and investment function is not one of detailed centralised "planning" but one of overall monetary control, the State merely attempting to ensure against violent disturbances of prices and, therefore, of production by regulating the aggregate pool of money and credit and leaving it to individuals to compete for shares in the pool.

Now let us consider how the respective banking systems fit into these rough structural pictures. In Russia, banking is just an ancillary service to the industrial planning organisation. At the head of that organisation stands the supreme Planning Commission which is respon-

sible for the formulation and execution of the Successive Five Year Plans. The Planning Commission works through the People's Commissariats for Heavy Industry, Light Industry, Timber and Food, which are the Government Departments charged with the supervision of production. The authority of the People's Commissariats passes down through the Central Administrations for the various industries to the Trusts, which are the central organisations of groups of individual factories making the same class of goods, and thence finally to the individual factories themselves.

A Parallel

THE parallel financial set-up consists of the State Central Bank Gosbank, which consists of a Central Administration, a Central Head Office or Planning Centre, some 40-50 regional head offices administering some 2,000 to 3,000 branches and agencies. Besides Gosbank there are also four other banks which are concerned with the provision of long-term capital for certain groups of industry.

Now broadly speaking, the job of Gosbank is to see to it that, so far as the power of the purse is effective, the Five Year Plan is carried out. "Central banking in Russia," as one writer has put it, "means co-ordination of the industrial plan to regulate credit so as to assist in its execution; and regulating credit does not mean fixing a total volume for which individual enterprises may bid, but drawing up an elaborate 'credit plan' which ultimately lays down how much each enterprise may borrow and even for what purposes."

The Russian revolutionaries started with the idea that money was a bourgeois anachronism, unnecessary in a socialist state in which production was planned from the top and everybody received the same rations. They sought to

destroy money by deliberate inflation but they soon found it to be indispensable both as a standard of value and a means of exchange. To apportion limited national resources between the production of food, clothing, munitions, transport and so on was utterly impossible unless a common denominator, money, was used to measure the resources and to express their apportionment.

A national production Plan had to be accompanied by a corresponding Credit Plan. Such a plan is worked out by the Central Administration of Gosbank.

And the execution of the Plan necessitates a continuous process of control and checking as between the productive system and the monetary plan. That process is affected by the regional head offices and branches of Gosbank. It is their function to see that the operations of the Trusts and the individual factories conform at every point to the Production Plan. Each trust and each factory is allotted a certain capital, from the State Budget. For circulating or working capital, for what we should call short-term "credit," it has to apply to Gosbank and at each level Gosbank makes sure that the credit it grants is within the terms of the Plan—though it has certain powers to grant "un-planned" credit to meet unforeseeable circumstances.

Standing Aloof

GOSBANK keeps the money balances of the whole of industry. It "clears" all payments between industrial establishments. Credit operations between different trusts or factories are forbidden, and thus Gosbank is in effect a glorified Counting House for the whole Russian economic system.

Compare this with our own banking practice. Our banks follow no central production or credit Plan. They grant loans

to industry on their judgment of the trustworthiness and efficiency of the individual enterprise. They grant them for broad specified purposes but make no attempt to control or check in detail the uses to which their funds are put. So remote are they from any intervention in the actual day to day conduct of industry that, unlike the banks of some continental countries, they avoid participation in the share capital or representation on the directorates of industrial concerns.

The central bank, the Bank of England, stands similarly aloof from the productive machine.

It merely attempts to hold, as it were, the ring in which the free-enterprise competition, the bidding for resources, the higgling of the market takes place.

Pristine Purity

TO be sure there has latterly, as already indicated, been some slight adulteration of the pristine purity of the system. The Bank of England has been "nationalised." There is an official Capital Issues Committee which lays down which enterprises and groups of enterprises are to be allowed to raise capital in the still free "market"; and the commercial banks are under an informal obligation to observe the same classifications so far as granting credit for a post-extension purposes is concerned.

Russia made big concessions to the bourgeois-capitalist "way of life" when she restored the functions of money, based the individual's share of the communal pool of consumables on "work" in kind of "no d," allowed individual citizens a limited way to hold property, and by the establishment of tens of thousands of savings banks, enabled them (and encouraged them by the offer of interest) to "save" money.

Britain (like Western Europe generally) has, since the War, made some small advance towards the Russian system in her flirtations with production and export "plans" and in the monetary steps (which included, incidentally, a considerable "demotion" of the rate of interest) just indicated.

There may well be further minor movements each side towards the other. But unless and until there is a radical change on one side or the other in the fundamental concepts of government, there will remain a great gulf fixed between their banking and monetary systems.

SATURDAY AT THE DIAMOND HORSESHOE

Giuseppe, L.V.D., and his bambina

THE other day I dropped down to the lower East Side to see how my old neighbourhood was earping up under the heat and, as was I about to buy a cup of lemon ice, Sam Carmel, who has been totting the Allen Street mail for 30 years, came around the corner.

As you ought to know by now, Sam and column material are darn near one and the same thing and so, after swapping jawns, I decided to wank with him. Sure enough, in the way of the third element, I entered I recognised a name on one of the mail-boxes—Giuseppe Manola, L.V.D.

"Isn't that the name Manola who used to eddle vegetables in Mulberry street?" I asked. "What does he LVD stand for?"

"Giuseppe began putting those letters after his name about the time his daughter got married," said Sam. "Remember Rosa?"

Rosa's mother had died and Giuseppe took on the job of bringing up the bambina alone. He cooked for her, sewed for her and even kept her in a back o' h'l, puchari while he was hawking escarole and Anocchio.

Like all East Siders, Giuseppe had big plans for his kid, and every time he would drop his odd change into an olive oil can; when Rosa graduated from high school, he emptied the can and found he had nearly 500 dollars. He enrolled her in a business college.

SIX months later, Rosa landed a job in an office dealing with a lawyer—a rather elegant young fellow named Wakefield, who was a lot more than a little stuck on Giuseppe. He had a rich father and was the product of an exclusive College at Oxford, the Sorbonne and, finally, Harvard Law School.

Well, following the customary course of Cinderella tales, James passed through the usual stages of development in Rosa's mind. It wasn't long, before they were seeing Coney Island together, eating hot dogs, riding the switchbacks, and when Rosa pretended to be scared on the big dips the lawyer stroked her lily-white hands and whispered the usual inconsequential into her eager little ear.

But, alas, as banas posting time approached, the problem of Giuseppe of Mulberry Street came up. And it worried Rosa plenty.

ONE day, after first seeing to it that her father was properly bartered and necktied, she brought him to the office, a most her intended. Giuseppe, of course, was very much impressed by the pine panelling and the array of diplomas, and his eyes filled with tears when he learned that James, like Rosa, had been fatherless most of his life.

"Who cook-a for you," he asked, "ya old man?"

Rosa tried to explain that the will-to-do Wakefields had a cook to do their cooking, but Giuseppe shook his head. "Is no da same," he said. "Is not a-like home cooking. Come down-a my place Thursday, I show what I mean. Bring-a ya pop."

"It's a date," said James. "Rosa tells me you make the best cacciatore in New York."

That night Giuseppe was puzzled when he heard his daughter sobbing in her bedroom.

"I know you meant well," she told him the next morning at breakfast, "but you've spoiled everything. When Jimmy's father sees this miserable flat, there'll be no wedding."

After his daughter was a gone, the old man looked around and wondered what she had been getting at. Then he looked at the walls. Ah, that was it—except for the small Madonna and the hardware store calendar the walls were bare. They displayed none of those symbols of culture he had seen in Wakefield's office—those framed certificates with gold seals.

Thursday evening when the Wakefields, accompanied by Rosa, climbed the stairs to the Manola flat they were made breathless by the light that met their eyes. From floor to ceiling the room was plastered with the most amazing panorama of diplomas ever assembled in one place—not to mention her licences, summonses, barber school certificates, Scout awards, and parchments from the novelty store in the neighbourhood.

Rosa turned pink and Jimmy turned red, but Wakefield senior, after a gasp and a stare, began to laugh.

"You—you got the idea—from my son's office, didn't you?" he said.

Giuseppe nodded.

"If the colour of his face means anything," said Wakefield, senior, "my son gets the point. What you're trying to tell him with your little practical joke is that anybody can have a lot of fancy diplomas and that a man shouldn't get his big head brags he's got a few on his walls. Well, my son, you all the way on that. Shake."

Giuseppe grinned uncertainly. "I'm a glad you like," he said. "Now, sit down, a-ready. The cacciatore, she's a-ready...."

"DID the Wakefields live happily ever after?" I asked Sam Carmel when he had finished.

"As far as I know," said the postman. "The next day James moved his diplomas back into the back office. But I don't think Giuseppe ever got the point, because around that time he started putting the L.V.D. after his name."

"It stands for Licensed Vegetable Dealer."

(London Express Service)

Short Quirks

WANTS HER DUE

SEATTLE.—An elderly woman accosted a Longueurs race track cashier after being paid off for a winning daily double ticket. "I know you're cheating me," she stormed, pointing at her programme. "It says right here that the purse is \$900."

HANGAR TREES FLYING

CLOVIS, N. M.—For a change, an acroplane hangar near Clovis flew away and left its plane standing on the field. A small tornado bore down on the field and picked up the hangar. The light plane normally housed in the hangar was moored down nearby and escaped serious damage.

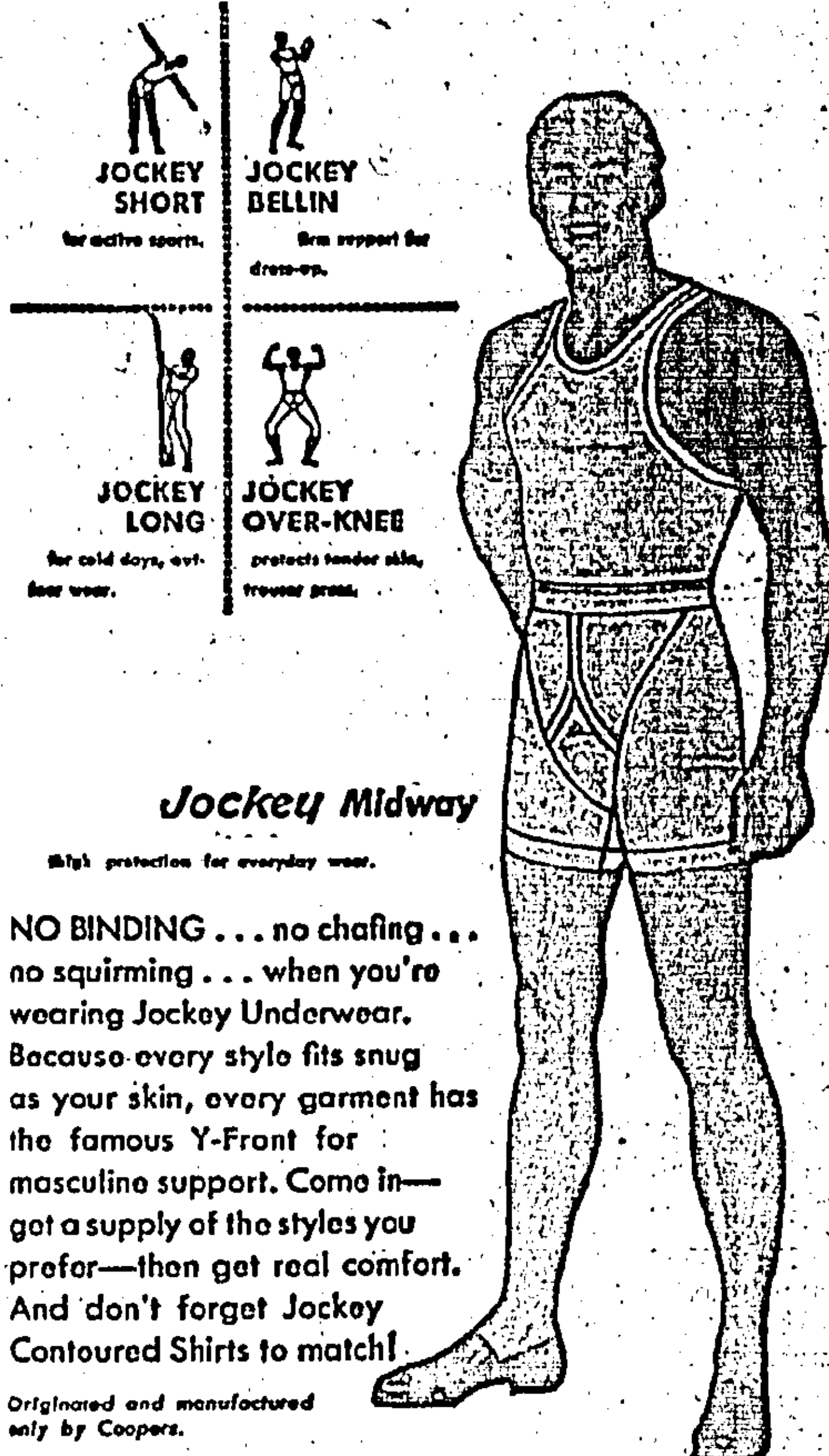
HEAT ON ICE

DENVER.—Kenneth Holfer was given emergency treatment for heat prostration here the other night. Not so unusual except for two things—Holfer was performing in "Holiday on Ice" a skating show, when he collapsed; and, the temperature outside was somewhere around a cool 45.

EASY AFTER 100

NEWBURYPORT, Mass.—Celebrating her 102nd birthday, Mrs. Elizabeth Hutchins remarked: "You know, the first hundred years really are the hardest."

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HONGKONG'S BETTER STORES HAVE THEM

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Women's Auxiliary

Appeals to the public for articles for a "JUMBLE SALE" to be held on Thursday and Friday, November 24 and 25, from Eight A.M. to Six P.M., at the Public Relations Building, Statue Square, Opposite the Hongkong & Shanghai Bank Building, Des Voeux Road.

Articles can be delivered to Room 607, Marina House, c/o Kai Yue Cheong, on or after October 17th, from 9:30 a.m. to 1:00 p.m. and from 2:30 p.m. to 5:00 p.m. If this address is not convenient for delivery please call any one of the following ladies who will gladly call for anything that you have to offer for the Jumble Sale.

KOWLOON. Mrs. Leo D'Almeida e Castro, 202, Prince Edward Road, Telephone No. 20333.

HONGKONG. Mrs. F. H. Looby, Room 503, Gloucester Hotel, Telephone No. 20663.

Mrs. F. Buchans, 438, The Peak, Telephone No. 20020. Mrs. V. Chun, 4, Po Shan Road, Telephone No. 33433. Mrs. C. M. van Vlieden, 20, Connaught Road, Telephone No. 34222.

HOARSENESS!

When hoarseness due to a sore throat or cold causes you loss of speech, relieve it promptly with Stearns' Pine Tar and Honey. Also soothes coughing, croup and soothes raw, irritated throat. Pleasant-tasting, ideal for children. Get a bottle today!



They Built A Church To The Glory Of Worstead

IN the once prosperous Norfolk village of Worstead of English cloth fame (we now call it "worsted") there is talk of the need for restoring the 14th century Parish Church to some measure of its former glory, even though it was erected in thanks for successful times, only to become a mute memorial to a faded prosperity.

Only a handful of houses close around it remain to remind succeeding generations of the former greatness of one of the most successful weaving hamlets in England. When the Dutch weavers settled there in the days of Henry I, the fame of their cloth soon spread and Worstead—Worsthede, as it was then known—prospered greatly. Indeed, between 1203 and 1309, lengths of "panni do Worsthede" were presented to the King's Justice of Assize.

All day long out of Worstead the wagons made the slow, tortuous journey along the dusty lanes to Norwich and Ipswich, to London, and even to York itself with fine cloths of a texture and colour befitting the gay apparel of the fashionable folk of that day.

Soon the merchants grew in wealth and built themselves fine houses where there was much feasting and entertaining to go on in the days. Then came the Black Death, plaguing the hamlet into industrial impotence, but not for long. The weavers staged a recovery quicker than that of most of their neighbours, and soon the cloth was being turned out once again.

The merchants were extremely patriotic beings, and no wonder. Royal decrees banned the import of foreign fabrics, and the export of English wools so that the weavers could be greatly sought by foreign countries. Edward III ordained, too, that every man, woman and child in England, with the exception of Royalty, must wear

clothes of home manufacture. Thus there was great joy in Worstead and patriotism reached new heights. The coffers of the rich were bulging with wealth; their homes were befittingly sumptuous, and much jollity prevailed.

It seems fitting, therefore, that in the closing years of the reign of so considerate a Sovereign there should be some expression of gratitude for the blessings of trade and wisely kingship. So the weavers were promoted to make their church. The work on it was begun in 1370, and the Prior of Norwich sent 13 oaks from his woods for the roofing at the then considerable charge of £23 4s. 4d.—no discount.

For 21 years the weavers of Worstead watched the lovely edifice slowly bloom into all its architectural beauty, the rising of the west tower setting a seal to the task in about 1400. Hard-

ly had its fame spread when there was a decline in the Anglian wool trade, and, in the end, the power loom arrived to complete the final chapter of Worstead and its weaving industry.

The descendants of the men who made the cloth are mostly in the fields and farms of the county. Worstead is but a name, and the only sign of its greatness is the Parish Church. Even this has become drab inside.

Yet it contains some of the finest of flint and stone-work in the world. There is little elsewhere to match the workmanship of the tower gracefully rearing itself to 100 feet above the scattered houses of the once famous hamlet below. Every detail of it is a work of art matched only by the beautiful interior tracery work of the single hammer-beam roof of the nave.

—J. W. TAYLOR

SOFTBALL CHATTER

FIRST FULL PROGRAMME OF LEAGUE GAMES THIS WEEK-END

By "STARDUST"

The 1949-50 Softball Season opened last Sunday when only one Senior League game was played in which the American Consul-General, Mr Karl L. Rankin, pitched the first ball. The game was between the HK Pandas and the US Navy (represented by USS Gardiners Bay) and resulted in a win for the latter by 6 runs to 4.

This afternoon and tomorrow will see the start of a full programme of League matches in the Senior and Junior Men's Divisions and also the Ladies'. Today and tomorrow are the days that thousands of softball fans have been waiting for.

This season promises to be a most interesting one. In the post-war years Portuguese teams have been successful in annexing the trophies. This year, with so many Chinese players available, they will have to fight hard to retain these honours.

CORNELIUS RYAN PREDICTS

Aussies Should Win The Davis Cup Next Year

New York.—The recent USA Lawn Tennis Singles Championships indicated that a good long-range bet would be Australia over the USA in the 1950 Davis Cup competition.

Dick Gonzales, who won the men's title, has turned professional with Jack Kramer's troupe, starting his pro tour in October at New York for a guaranteed \$50,000 for the tour.

Ted Schroeder, runner-up to be a first-rank international player, has decided to stay amateur and will be back in 1950 for Davis Cup play. In 1950, he will be back in 1950 for Davis Cup play. In 1950, he will be back in 1950 for Davis Cup play.

But his record quite possibly will be matched next year. Australia's Frank Sedgman is the most promising amateur in the world now. He almost beat Schroeder at Wimbledon this year, having the American star at match point before going down to defeat, and carried Ted to five sets in the semi-final at Forest Hills.

Schroeder will be 30 years old in 1950, and on the way down. Sedgman will be 22, and improved over 1949.

Bill Sidwell, the other Aussie singles player in the 1949 Davis Cup, gave Schroeder a five-set battle, and he too is developing rapidly.

NONE AS CAPABLE

America has many good players at Forest Hills, but none seems capable of dominating as old Kramer and Gonzales. Ted Jim Brink, a left-hander with great power on his service and forehand, lacks steadiness. Earl Cochell, now 26, apparently won't blossom into the star he was expected to be.

Jaroslav Drobny whipped Cochell with great ease in the recent USA nationals, and made it apparent Cochell will never

Changing The Cloth

Because Fred Davis is to meet his brother Joe in a distinctly "needle" match world on March 20—in the world snooker championship—he has made a request that Joe shall not be allowed to play on the Leicester Hall table for a fortnight beforehand. The point being, of course, that the match will be played at ground, which is Joe's home ground.

The management have promised this much: that for this game they will provide a new cloth, and that as nobody will play on this beforehand the table will be neutral.

Incidentally, Peter Mans, of South Africa has travelled 6000 and George Chenier, of Canada, 3000 miles for this championship.

Now they meet in the ship. Few will see them, and one must be eliminated after one game. So unnecessary when they could have been "seeded" in opposite halves of the draw.

(London Express Service)

Speculation is, of course, rife as to the composition of the various teams which are to participate in the League so that "the strength of the team" as it were, may be judged and "plans for the attack" made.

FORECASTING IS A PROBLEM

Recreio Football Ground and the Central British Association Ground will be the venues for these League games, and as the strength of all the teams in the three divisions is very even, forecasting results is somewhat of a problem.

In the Men's Senior Division, however, St. Joseph's appear to be the strongest although they will face their most severe test when they vie for supremacy with the Pak Sports' Club who are considered the next best, if not the best—in a few weeks' time.

The game likely to produce most thrills this afternoon is the Ladies' Division—Wahoes v. Pirates—at the Recreio Football Ground. There is always keen rivalry between these two teams and today's game will be no exception.

Harold Winglee's green-shirted Wahoes start off as favourites but the Pirates may surprise. In the Men's Senior Division, Overseas Chinese should have little difficulty in accounting for the Jaguars at CBA Ground. In the Men's Junior Division, Accrington cross-bats with Spartans and today's game will be no exception.

MOST INTERESTING

Tomorrow the game to arouse most interest is at the Recreio Football Ground where St. Joseph's play Wahoes in the Men's Senior Division.

St. Joseph's with its all-star infield should win in this encounter, although that mastermind mentor, Charlie Figueiredo, will do his tricks in causing an upset.

Pak Sports' Club will do battle against Chung Hwa at CBA ground and should annex the honours. The other remaining games will be touch-and-go battles.

SOME LINE-UPS

The following are chosen to represent their teams:

St. Joseph's—A. J. Hussain (Manager), D. J. Leonard, G. A. Souza, San Leonard, F. K. Gonzales, Capone Rum-jahn, Sherry Bucks, Arur Gzorio, Benny Omar, and Ramon Castro.

El Cumbanchero—Blas Despa (Manager), Benny Naves, Robbie Rocha, Jack Matheson, Didong Babida, Bastian Balada, Fred Diebin, George Tong, Terry Guzman and Pedro Aranas.

Griffins—R. A. Bux (Manager), M. Yusuf, B. Said, S. Kadir, M. N. Adal, K. Dalah, N. M. Kader, O. K. Dalah, N. M. Ezzar, G. A. Ebrahim, F. Rumjahn, A. Mohammed and C. M. Hussain.

Rexes—Isamu Samy (Manager), A. K. Ismail, A. M. Wahab, S. A. C. Rayman, S. Samy, A. Ditta, G. A. Ismail, Y. Tipo, M. Ebrahim and S. A. Bux.

Pak Sports' Club—A. R. Hussain (Manager), Abid Ebrahim, Sabu Samy, Coffee Baker, S. K. Khan, S. H. Khan, Ozzie Rumjahn, B. A. Abbas, Ozzie Omar, E. Yusuf, A. M. Kadir, A. H. Kadir, and Nugget Ebrahim.

DODGER OUT AT PLATE



Gene McManis, Dodger, is out at the plate as he attempts to score from third base on Mary Rackley's bouncer to Yanks' second baseman Gerry Coleman in the fourth inning of the second World Series game in Yankee Stadium. Catcher Charlie Silvera makes the tag with Umpire Beans Reardon calling the play. No. 14 is Brooklyn's G. Hodges. The Dodgers won the game 1 to 0.—AP Wirephoto.

WEEK-END FOOTBALL

Kitchee v. Army Tomorrow Is The Week's Big Game

League Football enters its third week of the season today. Kitchee are the only team who have collected maximum points to date. The other teams, especially Army, started off in grand form but have been dropping valuable points which make a bigger gap between themselves and the all-conquering Kitchee in the League table.

The only teams that appear to be able to challenge Kitchee's supremacy are Army, St. Joseph's and Kowloon Motor Bus. The standard of football has been very good when any of the above teams have been playing but I'm afraid some clubs are definitely very weak and wholesale changes are required if they hope to land anywhere near the top of the table.

Soccer fans have plenty to choose from this week-end. Today the biggest crowd will probably be at Boundary Street, Kowloon, where Police will hold a strong Army team who held a draw on Tuesday last will oppose the youthful South China. The honours should be fairly even in this game. Club may get into winning vein when CAA may a visit to Happy Valley. In their past games CAA have failed to last the once and have been decisively beaten.

St. Joseph's meet Navy at Causeway Bay in the remaining First Division game today. St. Joseph's will start off as favourites but if there are many Naval changes in post it means more players the Navy team can choose from and they may spring a surprise, but I doubt it. A good clean game should be witnessed.

BATTLE OF THE GIANTS

Tomorrow will see the "battle of the giants" Kitchee will have their heaviest encounter when they meet the polished Army team. Army will no doubt strive hard to be the first team to defeat the present League leaders.

Kitchee, playing before their own home supporters, will probably decide to show Army how football should be played and, remembering that it was for this reason that they almost dropped a point this season already, I think Army stand a good chance of a victory tomorrow.

However, if the Kitchee forwards touch anything like the form they displayed during the second half of last Tuesday's game against CAA, the Army defence is in for a very busy afternoon's work.

The Army rear division isn't quite playing up to expectations and this may be the deciding factor in this game which will be well worth watching. I forecast a win for Kitchee who carry too many heavy guns for the Army team to cope with.

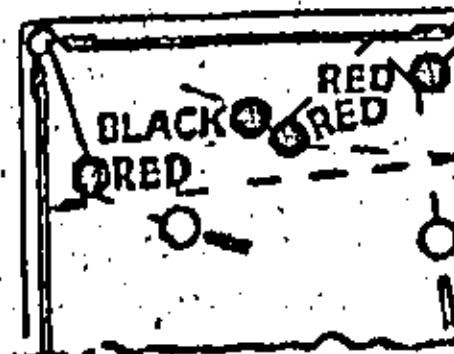
Kowloon Motor Bus should have little difficulty in accounting for Kwong Wah at Boundary Street. The Busmen have only lost one game this season and are a well-balanced side capably led by Tang Yok-ki.

Arthur Peall says: MOVE THAT BLACK FOR SAFE PLAY

PROPHETABLE snooker cannons leaving a hampered black should be within the scope of red on diagram right should not be potted.

It is a trick stroke of this type on diagram left demands right-hand side and top on the cue-ball it is a thin cue ball to fall in too much stress is laid on freeing black. Concentrate on the cue ball, cue sharply and white will double across table to the colour.

Immediate contact on black of its uncoupled making red is impossible for average cue-men to judge. Only a very hard cue will take off a very strong cue on black. Cue-men are that a spot-and-break will follow a reasonable reward for a progressive stroke.



New Heavyweight Hope Is So Bashful!

SAYS FRANK BUTLER

Usually at a time when the British boxing fan is enjoying a healthy grouch about the shortage of good heavyweights, a new flat character arrives on the scene, and before you can say Joe Louis, the fight boys are a-gossipin' and a-speculatin'.

But for every Louis, Tunney, or Dempsey we have to put up with a large bunch of stumblebums who strip like a team of Tarzans but develop glass chins, balloons for tummies, housemaid's knees, flat feet, or some other freak of the anatomy.

We are about due for a new discovery, so that we can ask: "Is this the eighth wonder of the heavyweight world or is this just another sucker?" We are not disappointed, because the latest member of the Beef Trust to bend himself into the shape of a human question mark is one Earl Walls. Earl is a 21-year-old Canadian of Cherokee Indian extraction. He stands 6 ft. 2 in. and scales 135 lb.

Walls has won his two fights in England. He stopped the Scot, Ken Shaw, and at Manchester flattened Piet Wilde, the 155 lb. Belgian champion, in 85secs. We should add that it doesn't take a Joe Louis to accomplish this feat.

But the fall, this time from Windsor, Ontario, can punch. The question not yet answered is: "Can he take a punch?" He could be another Larry Gains or he could be another false alarm, at the moment he is box-office.

LIKE JOE

He bears some resemblance to Louis when the Brown Bomber was up and coming. I restrict any comparison with Louis to a facial likeness.

And the odd fact about Walls is that he is apparently a little bashful about showing his face. Against Wilde he came in the ring with a white towel completely obscuring his head. He danced round the ring warming up with his head still hidden, and his face remained "anonymous" when the referee called him to the centre of the ring to meet Wilde and take instructions.

There was a 6,000-strong chuckle when the official suddenly stretched upwards and removed the towel with the caution of Mister Mayor unveiling a monument—just to see to whom he was talking.

Walls, having unloaded a left hook and two right crosses which rocked the big Belgian out of action for ten seconds, then hurried back to his corner, hiding his light under the towel again, and began dancing round the ring like a rubber man. The crowd loved it, just as they loved the antics of Doyle and the scowling of Baer.



(London Express Service)

to all air-travellers in the Far East



UNITED NATIONS OF THE AIR

THE SAS—SCANDINAVIAN AIRLINES SYSTEM—WILL INAUGURATE ITS FAR EAST—EUROPE AIR SERVICE ON THE 2 NOVEMBER, 1949. IT WILL BE AN EXPRESS LINE TRAFFICKED BY LUXURIOUS DOUGLAS DC 6 PLANES—FITTED WITH PRESSURISED CABINS—SLEEPERS ETC.—THE AIRCRAFT BUILT FOR LONG AIR VOYAGES. STOP THE FASTEST AIR SERVICE TO EUROPE.

TARIFFS

Hongkong	Calcutta	£ 60. 0.
"	Kurachi	£ 84. 0.
"	Rome	£ 150. 0.
"	Zurich	£ 168. 0.
"	Geneva	£ 168. 0.
"	Vienna	£ 175. 10.
"	London	£ 175. 0.
"	Prague	£ 175. 7.
"	Copenhagen	£ 169. 14.
"	Oslo	£ 193. 2.
"	Stockholm	£ 198. 9.

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YOUNG JAMES GREW UP TO FIND A CONTINENT

WHEN young James Cook ran off to sea from the village of Wainwright in which he was apprenticed at Stratford, on the Yorkshire coast, he did not dream that one day he would claim Australia for Britain.

He learned to steer a ship by the stars and compass, and when war came with the French he joined the Navy to fight.

But it was as a captain navigator that he gained fame, and the Government sent him to search for a vast continent believed to stretch down the Pacific to the Antarctic Ocean.

Cook proved this was a myth. He landed in Australia in 1770 and took possession. Then he sailed on and discovered the lovely Islands, now named after him, where oranges and bananas grow wild.

The Cook Islands recently issued a fine new set of stamps. This one shows a native spearing fish in a palm-fringed lagoon.

Perforation: 13½ by 13½.—J.A.A.

(London Express Service)



FROM HERE AND THERE:

200 Teen-Agers Start A Camera Clean-Up

NEW YORK: Teen-agers, birthday—and she cooked the nearly 200 of them, recently announced a campaign to make Williamsburgh, a New York suburb, a better place.

Armed with cameras, they will make up an album of slums, littered streets, unsafe crossings, and everything they think the city authorities ought to improve.

And then they will present their album to the authorities involved—and to the newspapers.

Said Joan Kozak, a 17-year-old civic leader—"We knew Williamsburgh was in a very low socio-economic bracket, but our pictures put it more bluntly."

First Time Unlucky
WELLINGTON: An ex-convict, 68-year-old George Knowles, in making his first court appearance on a summons for "diagonalising" a street to catch a tram, heatedly told the magistrate that he would not be bawled at by anyone, not even a traffic inspector.

The magistrate warned him of the dangers of jaywalking.

Knowles left the court-room—and dropped dead on the footpath.

Still Going Strong
WELLINGTON: Mrs. E. Hulselden of Lower Hutt, 10 miles from Wellington, an inveterate racegoer, was appointed because her daughter was not well enough to drive her 40 miles to a race meeting.

But the disappointment did not stop her enjoying her 80th birthday.

She was born in Surrey and lived in London for 48 years before emigrating to New Zealand 42 years ago. She has 7 children, 11 grandchildren and 4 great-grandchildren.

Victory For "Drys"
OKLAHOMA: The "wets" recently lost their sixth try to kill prohibition in Oklahoma, one of two American states which still ban liquor.

"It is a victory for God," proclaimed the "drys." Said the "wets": "It is really a victory for the bootleggers, who financed the 'drys' campaign."

FOOTNOTE: Oklahomans are now flocking to liquor stores for a folding suitcase which, according to the advertisement, is "perfect to take along when you're planning to return with more than you started with."

Behind the times
LONG ISLAND: Hailed as the sensation of the day is an automatic ticket machine shortly to be installed at the New York terminus of the Long Island Railway. It is just like the one the London tubes have used for years.

Lying down to it
SEATTLE: Mrs. Mary Buckley won a divorce here when she testified that her husband did not get out of bed during the first four months after he was discharged from the Army—except to go to a liquor store.

Leisure For Passion And Murder

DINNER AT ANTOINE'S.
By Frances Parkinson
Keyes, Eyre and Spottis-
woode 12s. 6d. 416
pages.

By
GEORGE MALCOLM THOMSON

HERE is a story with a grip of a bulldog. A straightforward firmly-built melodrama, its scenes well contrived, its curtains beautifully timed. A fine, although unusual, product of today's foremost best-selling novelist.

It has sold over a million copies in the United States.

With Frances Parkinson Keyes (pronounced "Kyes") we know just where we are. No unhealthy questionings and no social significance.

We move in well-bred society, in lavishly appointed settings. Money is not a problem here. Neither work nor unemployment weighs unduly on the spirits of Mrs. Keyes's people. There is leisure for everything—or at least for the best restaurants, the choicest wines and frocks, and for pleasure, passion—and murder?

Sudden death

Dinner at Antoine's is a thriller, a story of sudden death and complex mystery. It is right out of the detective story class because the deepest mystery of all relates to motive and not to act. For this reason alone, Dinner at Antoine's achieves the dignity of a novel.

The tale is strung tautly between high points of tension. Just consider as you read (if you can spare the attention, but you will find it hard) the last sentence or two in each chapter. Those final tantalising words which throw up a new exciting window and tempt the reader on!

To New Orleans, in time for the Twelfth Night Revels, comes Ruth Avery with her uncle Orson Foxworth, a shipping tycoon with vast, but not always reputable, interests in the Caribbean area.

In Antoine's famous restaurant they meet Amelle Lalande, a lovely widow whom Orson has long besotted and to whom he is now ready to grant honourable terms of capitulation—i.e. marriage.

Carress Lalande is also there, flirting scandalously with Leonce St. Amant, a smooth type who is the husband of her sister Odile. Odile is a beautiful but tragic young woman. She suffers from an uncontrollable trembling of the hands which her physician, Dr

Vance Perrault, has just confirmed as an incurable form of paralysis.

Before another day is over Odile is released from all her troubles. She is found dead in her bedroom, a revolver near her and a note in her handwriting. "I have tried to be a good daughter and a good wife, but I can't take this any longer. The note mysteriously disappears soon afterwards."

It is a case of suicide? It is—until Captain Murphy of the New Orleans police, in his crisp way, points out that the gun that killed Odile must have been held at least eight feet from her body. Who fired it—and why?

Several people have colourable motives and some have shinky alibis. Odile's devoted negro maid, Tossie in wildly jealous because a trained nurse in being brought in to look after her darling, Leonce, Odile's husband is obviously displeased at the prospect of life with a progressively helpless wife. Carress is strongly attracted to Leonce—and whence come those bloodstains on her dress?

Orson Foxworth and Mrs. Lalande have just decided to marry and settle in Central America. Odile's illness makes that cherished scheme more difficult to realise. Orson is notoriously a ruthless man. And Mrs. Lalande's sorrow over her daughter's death has a theatrical appearance.

Unbalanced

Then there is Sabia Duplessis, who loves Odile and bitterly resents her marriage to St. Amant. He is an unbalanced character who spent the night of the tragedy in getting wildly one way of side-stepping suspicion. And there is no doubt at all that Sabia gave Odile the revolver.

Finally Vance Perrault. As an honourable doctor he has no conceivable motive for murdering a favourite patient. Yet it is he who last saw the dead girl—so far as can be discovered.

If it is murder, why Odile's letter—the farewell of a suicide? If that letter is a forgery, Tossie certainly could not forge it, and is therefore innocent. But who has stolen the letter?

Why was Orson Foxworth at such pains to create an alibi for himself during the critical hours?

And how came it that Sabia Duplessis was lurking in the garden of Mrs. Lalande's house so that he saw the shadow of a man in Odile's room and a shadow-play which might have been a struggle?

Business deal

One after another the suspects are cleared. Foxworth's alibi was contrived as part of a complicated business deal he is putting through. Carress's bloodstain is the outcome of a car accident. And so on.

Until only Vance Perrault is left. The doctor! Yes, the death of Odile St. Amant was both suicide and murder. Perrault blamed himself for telling the girl her case was incurable, blamed himself more for putting the means of suicide, a mortal sin in Catholic eyes, within her reach. He resolved to take the sin on his shoulders. And there was the revolver.

In Dinner at Antoine's the public is presented with a detective story which is also a brilliantly developed novel, peopled by powerful, plausible human beings, drawn with skill and in intricate detail. Its main springs are conscience, faith, greed and revenge. And with what riches of affection and knowledge is the New Orleans scene painted! Magnificent reading is here.

GREEN GROW THE RUSHES. By Howard C. Clives. The Bodley Head. 9s. 6d. 252 pages.

IN the time of Edward IV, Portenoy was a seaport. Came a storm altering the coastline. Portenoy Harbour is now half a mile from the sea.

Portenoy is the capital of the ancient and privileged Liberty of Anderida, which means to assert its rights of self-government in the teeth of a sub-commissioner from Whitehall.

Anderida's resolution is not based simply on the eternal principles of freedom. The sub-commissioner may stumble on the profitable smuggling business in which the local population is engaged.

One last cargo of brandy is being run when comes another storm, carrying the smugglers' boat over the seawall, and depositing it in the old, dried-up harbour of Portenoy.

What is to be done with this precious cargo? By heroic efforts Anderida drinks it, and a story which opened as promising comedy comes to a hurried, farcical end.

The reader is left with some questions, e.g.: What offence is committed if, by act of God, a consignment of excisable liquor is brought ashore? And what is to prevent the owners paying duty on it?

THERE IS NO NEED TO SHOUT. By Frances Warfield. Gollancz. 8s. 6d. 152 pages.

IN little Frances Warfield's life the seven deadly words were: "What's the matter—cotton in your ears?" She was a little hard of hearing—but nobody suspected it. In any case, it was only because she had so many head colds.

There are countless ways in which the secret can be kept from the world. Such as pretending to be day-dreaming, faking illness, absent-mindedness. An upset stomach or a phony headache is an excellent alibi for not hearing.

Later comes the college era—at dances, you pretend to be cagy; you won't answer that question—or you insist on reading your partner's palm. At football games, you are chilly and muffle your ears comically. The long battle with doctors, chiropractors, quacks—the surrender at last to a hearing-aid. The happy ending.

Have I made it plain that this is a charming and amusing little book? That is what I have been trying to say.

LIBRARY LIST

FOCUS. By Arthur Miller. Gollancz. 8s. 6d. 217 pp. A subtle and frightening novel about the viciousness of anti-Semitism in America. Concerns a man who isn't a Jew, but looks like one and is much of that kind of the secret witch-hunt and warfare that has been going on.

NO LONGER WINGS TO FLY. By James Kinross. (Hamish Hamilton, 9s. 6d.) 253 pp. A restrained and well-written (and therefore often moving) account of the two years' fight against tuberculosis made by a young soldier who had contracted it in a German prison camp.

SIX-LEGGED SNAKES IN NEW GUINEA. By Evelyn Cheesman. (George Harrar, 12s. 6d.) Dreadful title, but enchanting book. A woman entomologist collecting specimens for the British Museum often travels alone through the Malaysian jungle and tells her adventures with a charming vivacity of fact.

CLAY UNDER CLOVER. By Thomas Sherrin. (Gollancz, 12s. 6d.) 219 pp. Quiet simple unpretentious book about a young man in Northern Ireland who has a mother who is a young man, turned nurse after the war, and finds it less disagreeable than you might suppose.

(London Express Service)

DO I GET THE JOB?

DAD AND FLOUNDER
—by Walter

VARIETY NEWS
BIRD IMITATOR
WANTED
APPLY
FLOUNDER FOLLIES
TRAFFIC ACT
CONFUSION

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£1,000,000 In Stamps At The Palace

ONE of the most famous stamp collections in the world is that belonging to His Majesty the King.

Begun by his father, the late King George V, when he was a Midshipman, it now occupies 347 albums on shelves in a pair of cream-painted rooms in Buckingham Palace, and is estimated to be worth £1,000,000.

Strictly limited to British Empire issues—with a Turkish set of 1917, overprinted "Angad in British Occupation" as the only foreign element—it includes the only perfect specimen in the world of the famous 2d. Blue Mauritius, which is valued at £10,000. Another most valuable stamp is the 1d. Orange-Red Mauritius.

The collection has been bought from the King's own purse and his personal property. "Keeper of the King's Philatelic Collection" is Sir John Wilson, a former President of the Royal Philatelic Society. He is a barrister who once served in the Coldstream Guards.

Back To The Windmill

BRITAIN's first giant windmill, designed to produce electric power on a commercial scale, is now being built in a Clydebank shipyard.

It will be erected on a hill in the north-west corner of Pomona, Orkney, where steady gales blow for most of the year.

A propeller-shaped like an aircraft, its blades extending 60 feet from tip to tip—is to take the place of the old-time sails. Mounted on a 100-foot pylon, it will face into the wind 500 feet above sea level.

Power lines from Kirkwall power station are now being extended around the coast of Pomona to link up with the windmill.

Will save fuel
During continuous periods of high wind it is expected that the grid boost from the windmill will enable the North of Scotland Hydro-Electricity Board to rest some of the diesel generator sets at Kirkwall, thus saving fuel.

It is thought that winds beating on Britain's western seaboard

and on the northern islands can be harnessed by a network of windmills on a scale which would save the country two million tons of coal and oil fuel annually.

A sixth sense
The winds of the western islands and the north are legendary.

In many parts of North Scotland the people develop a sixth sense, which enables them to judge from the noise of the wind when a violent gust is about to reach them and they lie flat to avoid being knocked down.

But the folk stories were not enough for scientists to work on. A team of "wind prospectors" was sent out by the British Electrical Research Association, headed by 46-year-old Mr. E. W. Golding, to find the most suitable spot for the new windmill.

They chose the bleak hills, Coan Head, and Vestra Field. Although gusts of 80 to 100 m.p.h. were recorded, they were more interested in prolonged periods of lower-velocity winds.

After eight months they said: "We think the scheme will work."

(London Express Service)

VIGNETTES OF LIFE



"IF YOU RETURN HIS MOWER AND RAKES AND STUFF HOW DO YOU THINK WE'RE GOING TO GET THE GARDEN READY FOR SPRING?"

"SUMMER MAY BE OVER OFFICIALLY, BUT FOR THE GARDENERS THERE'S STILL GRASS TO CUT, WEEDS TO PULL UP BIGGS TO BE TOUGH, LEAVES TO BE RAKED TO DON'T RETURN THE TOOLS YOU BORROWED...YET."

"LOOK! BACK OF YOU... THEY'VE LEFT ONE OF THEIR BAGS! QUICK! GET THE CAR OUT AND..."

"NIX! IF THEY DON'T COME BACK FOR IT I'LL SEND IT TO 'EM...BY CARRIER PIGEON...COLLECT."

"THE LAST EXPECTED GUESTS LEAVE... LEAVE YOU EXHAUSTED...AND LEAVE HALF A DOZEN OF THEIR PERSONAL BELONGINGS WHICH YOU WILL HAVE TO WRAP AND MAIL... INSURED."

"THE BRIGHT AND SHINING FACES OF THE YOUNGER SET GOING BACK TO SCHOOL..."

"AND DID THAT FISH FIGHT IT WAS THAT LONG IF IT WAS AN TUCH!"

"YOU DON'T HAVE TO HOLD IN LADDER...YET...GO GET IN NUMBERS ON THE WINDOW AND LET 'EM..."

"AND SOON IT'LL BE TIME FOR THE SEASONAL BATTLE WITH THOSE D-STORM WINDOWS."



"HOW COME YOU FORGOT YOU HAD TAXES AND INSURANCE TO PAY? YOU TOSSED ENOUGH AWAY ON TIPS TO FEED US FOR A MONTH...WELL, NOW WE'VE GOT THE MEMORIES YOU SAID WE'D NEVER FORGET. I'LL BET WE WON'T!"

"THE ONES WHO WENT WHOLE HOG ON A VACATION TRIP...HANG THE EXPENSE! THEY SAID, 'WE'LL ALWAYS HAVE THE MEMORIES OF ONE WONDERFUL TIME.'"

"THE OFFICE LADS WILL SOON BE RESTING UP FROM THEIR REST."

"BY THE WAY, FRANK, HAVE YOU ORDERED OUR COAL YET... WINTER ISN'T TOO FAR OFF...AND THERE'S CHRISTMAS..."

"JUST WHEN YOU'RE BEGINNING TO ENJOY SOME RELIEF FROM THE SUMMER HEAT...SOMEONE HAS TO START PUTTING ON THE HEAT OF ANOTHER KIND."

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